

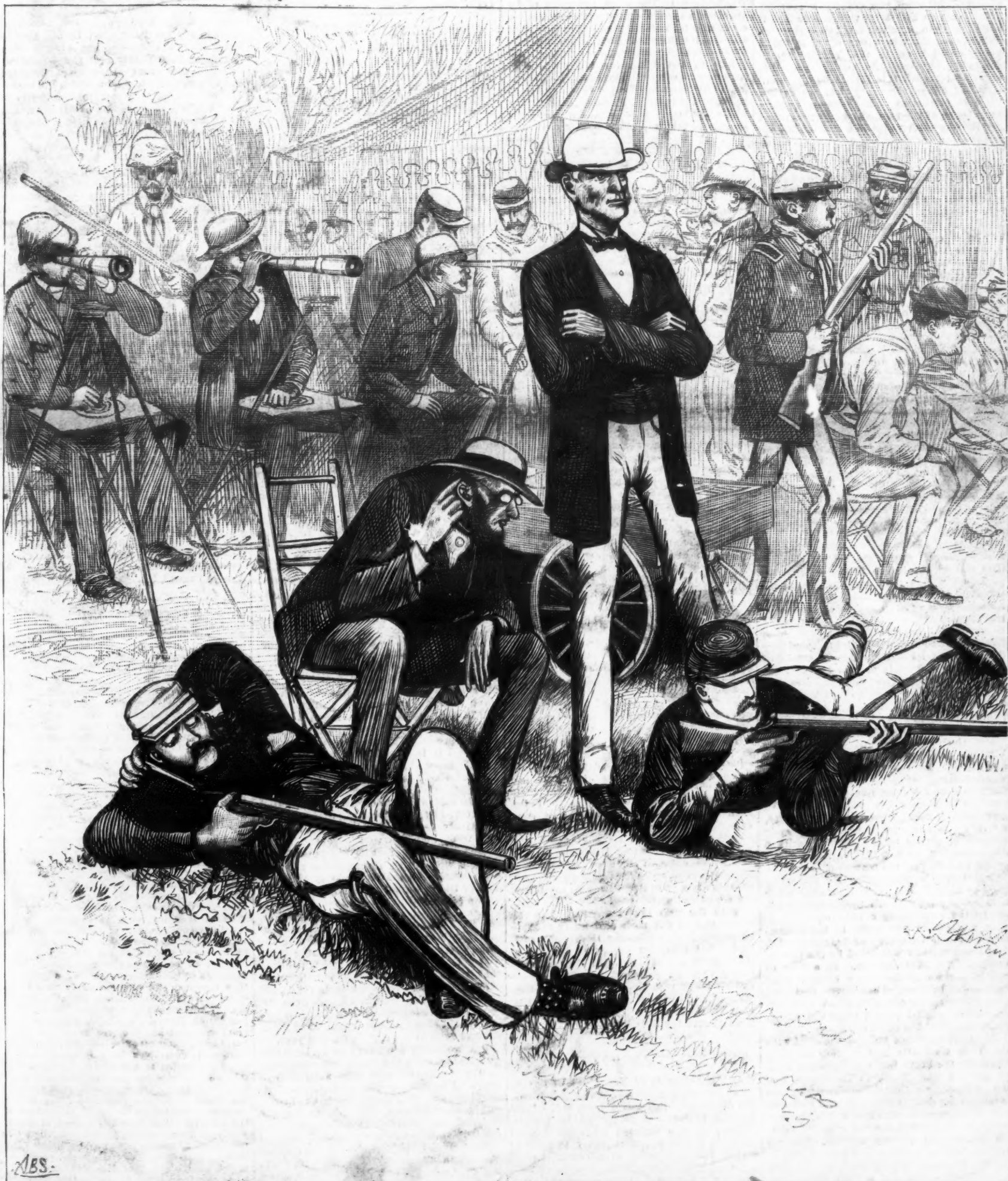
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—PRACTICE SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.—THE AMERICAN TEAM "COACHED" BY MESSRS. BODINE AND RATHBONE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

65, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

LIGHT BREAKING THROUGH  
CLOUDS.

THE dense illiteracy engendered by slavery, and which the decree of emancipation did not and could not remove, is regarded by all thoughtful citizens as a great public danger. It was so regarded, no doubt, by Abraham Lincoln when he issued his immortal proclamation, and by Congress also, when, to avert other and greater dangers, it invested the ignorant freedmen with the ballot. But while there is perfect unity of sentiment as to the existence of this danger, there is great diversity of opinion as to the right and constitutional way of removing it. A vast number of people believe that, as the danger is not merely local but national, it is the duty of the nation, as such, to provide and in some way enforce a remedy, or at least to assist the States in which it exists in doing the work. The Bill which passed the Senate last season, but failed of being acted upon in the House, appropriated \$10,000,000 annually for this object. By many this Bill is held to be of doubtful constitutionality, but we hazard little in predicting that Congress, under a keen sense of the national danger, will yet see its way clear to make a substantial appropriation for an object so vitally related to the general welfare.

Meanwhile, it is cheering to observe that the Southern people themselves are awakening to a keener interest on this subject and a livelier perception of their own duty in the premises. The growth of a public sentiment there in favor of universal education is essential to the success of any measure which Congress may see fit to adopt, since it is proposed to adopt the Act only through the agency of the States for the removal of the evil so deeply deplored. Two or three years ago, the Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo, an eminent Unitarian divine, gave up his pulpit at Springfield, Mass., to devote himself to educational work, mainly in the Southern States. The report of his labors during the last Winter in the States of the Southern Atlantic coast is now before us, abounding in facts of a most cheering description. In Delaware he met three-fourths of the teachers of the State at educational institutes, became acquainted with many public and private citizens, delivered many addresses to crowded assemblies, and "found among the people a great and increasing interest in popular education." This State has been greatly lacking in justice to the schooling of the colored people, but recently the Legislature has begun the work by a moderate appropriation.

Dr. Mayo, before going further South, took letters of commendation from President Arthur, from the United States Department of Education and from Southern members of Congress, which insured him a warm, we may even say an enthusiastic, reception. At Richmond, by invitation, he addressed the Legislature on the topic of Normal Schools, and found the Secretary of Education, Dr. Rufner, deeply interested in his work and ready to give him efficient help. Virginia, in the past ten years, has established the best system of free schools in any State south of the Potomac, and public sentiment there in favor of popular education is growing stronger day by day.

But the objective point of Dr. Mayo's Winter's work was the Carolinas, North and South. In the first of these States, where the neglect of elementary education for whites and blacks, five years ago, had reached a melancholy point, a marked awakening is now observed. "Everywhere, as if by a common impulse, the most thoughtful people have started up with a determination to lift this burden of disgrace, and give to the masses of the population better opportunities for schooling their children." The Legislature has made a vigorous push forward by increasing the school-tax, appointing county superintendents, and giving new vigor to the normal schools for the training of teachers. Dr. Mayo was warmly welcomed by the Governor and all public officials. In a tour of nearly six weeks he spoke oftener than once a day to crowded audiences, and held deeply interesting consultations with teachers and influential people upon the educational needs of the Southern States.

In South Carolina he was received with the same cordiality by the State officials, including the State Superintendent of Education, the Hon. Hugh L. Thompson, now the Democratic candidate for Governor, who arranged the details of Dr. Mayo's visit and personally accompanied him in his journeyings. He traversed the hill country, visiting public and private schools, colleges and academies, and in every place addressing the citizens. Nearly every county town in the State asked for a visit from him. The City of Charleston entertained him as

its guest for two weeks, and he was afforded every opportunity of seeing the entire machinery of public and private education. Nowhere else in the South, he says, is there a better hope for the new order of things than in South Carolina. The more thoughtful people of the superior class are waking up to the dangers impending from white and black illiteracy, and are working, he believes, in good faith, and often at great sacrifice, to meet the emergency. In spite of his Unitarianism, Dr. Mayo was invited again and again to preach in leading Orthodox pulpits, and everywhere he appears to have found the religious denominations friendly to the cause in which he was engaged.

In Georgia also he found the state of things hopeful, though he was too far exhausted by his previous labors to do much there. During the present Autumn he proposes to establish himself at Washington as headquarters, where he hopes by the constant use of the pen in the public journals, and by work in Congress in behalf of national aid, to render valuable service in the cause of public enlightenment. He means, moreover, to wake up the people of Washington to the great necessity of instituting a system of industrial education, especially for colored youth, which will be a model for the whole South. He will also make frequent journeys to the more central points in the South for the purpose of fostering and stimulating an intelligent public sentiment in regard to the illiteracy so prevalent there and so dangerous to the whole country. Who will not wish him success in this important work?

THE SUMMER VACATION.

VACATION days, for nearly every one, are either over or rapidly drawing to an end. During the past week thousands of pleasure-seekers have returned to the city, the influx being so great that on some of the railroads trains have been run in double sections in order to accommodate the crowd, and by the middle of the present month many of the popular resorts will be practically deserted.

"Vacation" has a widely varying significance; it is "all things to all men," and its interpretation is as different as the people who use the word. To some persons, those we are accustomed to speak of and consider as "the favored few," it means the abandonment of the city mansion for the country villa, and a substitution of one round of social gayeties and fashionable dissipation for gayeties and dissipation no less exacting in the matter of monopolizing time, and no less exhausting to both mind and body. To others, it means an exchange of the comforts of home for the discomforts of an overcrowded hotel at a popular resort, or the stowing away of one's self into seven-by-nine quarters in a farmhouse. To sensible folk, it means a few weeks of real relaxation and rest from the routine and annoyances of home cares and business, in some quiet spot in the mountains or by the seashore; or, perchance, in a camp on the shores of some lake or stream, out in the forest and "far from the maddening crowd." To some people it means a wild and tireless rushing about in a grand tour of all the resorts, with no pause anywhere of sufficient length to enjoy anything. To others, vacation means simply a day off—the slightest possible break in the endless treadmill of bread-and-butter existence.

Every one looks forward to the coming of vacation whatever form it may take—as one of the bright landmarks of life, and happy indeed is that person whose vacation is passed in such a way as to make it equally agreeable in retrospect. Those who, through ignorance or other misfortune, fail to get the good they should out of their days of recreation, very often feel the need of rest after the Summer is gone even more than before leaving home. The genuine vacation, in its best sense, the vacation which puts new life into soul and body, the outward sign of which is a healthy bronze, and the inward significance of which is a re-equipment of all the forces for all one's duties—holds the same relation to the year that Sunday does to the week, and in our rush and hurry each is an indispensable blessing if properly utilized. Not the least important benefit derived from our vacations is the fact that they give us an added appreciation of home and all its surroundings, and produce that state of mind in which we are prepared to give hearty assent to the proposition that life is worth the living.

THE EGYPTIAN "NOTABLES."

THE Assembly of Notables" of Egypt, which has so frequently figured in the dispatches, has never been more than a mock parliament, instituted by the ingenuity of the deposed Khédive, Ismail Pasha. It was called together to give to Egypt the semblance of a constitutional form of government, that the Europeans visiting the country might report the wonderful progress made by this singular

people. When these "Notables," who were the sheikhs of the different tribes and the learned men of the country, were convened, they were informed that it was a part of parliamentary government to have an opposition to the prevailing Ministry. This invitation was seized upon by a hot-headed Notable with avidity, and in a speech of fervid Mahomedan eloquence, he severely denounced the sovereign, the officials—in fact, the whole scheme of Egyptian government, to the consternation of the Khédive and his Cabinet. Cairo was greatly amused by this episode, but the opposition statesman did not think it quite so funny, for a few hours thereafter he was sent an exile to the penal colony in the Soudan, and on the journey underwent the delicate manipulation of the official strangler's wrist, and woke up in the Great Unknown. From that day to this the "Notables," save during the present conflict, have never raised their voices except to applaud the existing Powers. Their action, *pro* or *con*, will have no influence on the final solution, and their relations, either to Arabi or Tewfik Pasha, have no more pertinence to the State than those of the Aldermen of the City of New York.

THE FALL TRADE.

WHILE, as has recently been shown, the foreign exports hence this Fall are likely to increase very materially, the domestic trade, it seems equally certain, will reach a fair aggregate and nothing more. One of the reasons why the internal traffic will not attain to large figures is that merchants at the West are conducting their business on a more conservative system than formerly. They decline to purchase goods until they are really needed. Rapid transportation, ready telegraphic communication, and, perhaps more than all, the numerous commercial evils resultant from laying in heavy stocks of merchandise that may find but a very slow market—these are a few of the influences which have been slowly but steadily effecting a change in business methods in not a few branches of trade, and the change compared with former times is more noticeable now than ever before.

Merchants in New York city, it must be owned, are not a little disappointed at the present state of trade. The bank clearings at twenty-six leading cities, it is also true, showed last week a decrease of thirteen per cent. compared with the same week last year. Commercial travelers, who are very good judges of the business outlook, state that nothing like an active season can be expected this Fall—that the transactions will, in fact, be only of fair volume.

A certain class, possessed of ample means, are purchasing foreign luxuries in abundance, and this fact partly accounts for our unprecedented imports, though it is quite as apparent that merchants in some branches of business have been importing rather more than the state of trade would warrant. But the masses, on the other hand, seem to be economizing. They are still weighted by the burdens incident to the increased cost of living, and many workmen in New York city, and in the interior of the State, as well as elsewhere, have lost heavily through unsuccessful strikes. There is no doubt that bread, potatoes, and some other articles of food, will be abundant and comparatively cheap this Fall, but the estimated deficiency of ten per cent. in the supply of live stock in the three important States of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana, as well as the large shipments of cattle to Europe, point to a continuance of high prices for meat as extremely probable; and it is even stated by those who should know that the former low prices are not likely to return for two years at least. The purchasing power of money, it may be stated in this connection, is partly illustrated by the calculation that at a comparatively recent date it took \$74.93 to buy what \$59.70 would purchase at the same time last year—this computation including breadstuffs, meats, dairy products and sugar. The maintenance of the high cost of living is another explanation, then, of the present dullness of general trade.

Again, though money is now easy enough, there are some apprehensions that this may not long be the case, notwithstanding the large disbursements that are being made by the Government. And while it is hoped that these fears may prove unfounded, they undoubtedly have a certain influence; though it is true that the banks here, despite some reduction in their reserves last week, held even then more specie and legal-tenders than at the same time last year.

Our railroads are likely to be busy this Fall transporting the enormous grain crops to the seaboard, and this activity will prove of benefit quite apart from the dividends that may possibly inure to the benefit of the stockholders. That is to say, the railroad service of this country employs 1,200,000 men, and the business of railroad construction 400,000 more—or in all about one-eighth of our entire adult male working population—and continuous employment is, of course, in this as in other branches of labor, a matter of the greatest

importance to the operatives, especially in these high-priced times.

Finally, it is well to remember that if no more than a fair trade can be expected this Fall—if the West refuses to purchase more than it actually requires at the moment—there is this consolation to our merchants, namely, that the conduct of business on such conservative principles will certainly result in fewer bad debts, and in the end may prove the most beneficial for all parties. Certainly, notwithstanding the loss of \$500,000,000 which this country is estimated to have sustained by reason of short crops last year, credits, as a rule, were never better, nor did the business of the country, taken as a whole, ever seem to rest upon a safer, or, all things considered, more satisfactory basis.

UNNATURAL FELLOWSHIPS.

THE old adage that "politics makes strange bedfellows," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the canvass of General James R. Chalmers, better known as "the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre," as an independent candidate for Congress in the Second Mississippi District, with his only hope of election depending upon a hearty support by the Republican party. Chalmers has always been notorious as a Bourbon of the Bourbons; he has openly admitted that he participated in the fraud and force by which the naturally overwhelming Republican majority in his district and State was overthrown, and he held for some months a seat in the present House as a thorough-going Democrat by virtue of a certificate based on an outrageous trick. Until he was very properly turned out, he was a blatant Democrat, but no sooner had he lost his office than he fell to denouncing his old party, proclaimed himself an Independent, anxious for "a free ballot and a fair count," announced himself ready to support an Administration candidate for Speaker, and besought the Republican Congressional Committee to help elect him to a seat from which that party had just deposed him. The sublime impudence of this whole performance at first dazed many good Republicans and inclined the Congressional Committee to heed his appeal, but the sober second thought of the party revolts against participation in so demoralizing a scheme, and as a prominent colored Republican has now taken the field who is sure to receive much support from his race, Chalmers's desperate venture promises to prove a deserved failure.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation in Egypt has not materially changed during the past week. The English have somewhat strengthened their position, and have pushed their lines a little further in the movement from the Suez Canal towards Cairo, the advance now resting at Kassassin. A lively engagement occurred at this point by moonlight on the evening of August 28th, the Egyptians, under the lead of Arabi himself, attacking an isolated detachment of English, but, notwithstanding their superior force, the enemy were repulsed with heavy loss. Arabi has suffered a serious misfortune in the capture of Mahmoud Fahmy, his chief engineer and military adviser, and another in the poisoning of Toulhat Pasha, one of his leading generals, while his failure in the Kassassin encounter which he challenged conspires with other rebuffs to dishearten his forces. The English continue to increase the army of occupation, and a formidable light siege train has been ordered from Woolwich. M. de Lesseps has at last abandoned the contest which he so long waged, unaided and alone, for the possession of the Canal so dear to him, and has returned to France, where he declines the banquet which some of his admirers proposed to give him. The Khédive maintains his pretense of governing Egypt, and has formed a new ministry, with Sherif Pasha as President. The tedious diplomatic backing and filling at Constantinople still goes on, without any more result than before. Meanwhile, evidence of the strong sympathy felt for Arabi in Turkey appears in the native newspapers, which represent him as constantly winning tremendous victories. The Egyptians are indulging their fondness for barbarity in warfare, having shockingly mutilated English prisoners who fell into their hands at Kassassin.

Fresh troubles have broken out among the Irish constabulary, and this time they assume serious proportions. Half a dozen leaders in the recent agitation for better pay were ordered to be summarily transferred from Limerick to the northern counties, whereupon they resigned, and twenty-five of their associates promptly followed their example, so that the city was for one night without the usual police patrol. Next day a petition, signed by over one hundred of the force, was sent to Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, asking that the dismissed constables be reinstated, with a plain intimation that a general strike would follow his refusal, but the dismissed men upon hearing of it said that they would not re-enter the force under any condition. The King's County constabulary indorsed the action of the Limerick men, as did also those of Boyle, while the Down police adopted resolutions demanding an increase of pay and pensions. The Metropolitan police of Dublin were soon infected by the spirit of discontent, and began to agitate for a similar grant to that promised the constabulary. Orders were issued prohibiting any further meetings by the force, but



over 200 of the men nevertheless attended one. They were immediately dismissed, whereupon over 600 of their associates resigned, and the city was left for a while at the mercy of the mob, who indulged in some rioting, but were kept within bounds by the military.

A little frontier war has broken out between the Greeks and Turks on the frontier of Thessaly. The scene of the conflict is the disputed territory of Karalik Dervend, concerning which Greece was on the point of fighting some months ago. Fighting began on August 27th, and continued during the next two days, the Turks getting the worst of it. Each side declares that the other was the aggressor, and each insists that the other must yield something to end the trouble. The Greeks, however, can scarcely conceal their satisfaction at an excuse for attacking their old foes, and the Government is massing its forces on the frontier. Turkey has offered to surrender the disputed point on condition that it is declared neutral territory, but Greece insists upon her right to hold it. Meanwhile, the disturbance causes another of those nervous tremors which Europe always experiences when anything occurs which threatens, as even such an episode as this may well do, to reopen the dreaded "Eastern Question."

Fuller details of the revolution in Corea show that the King was spared by the insurgents, but the Queen, his heir, and the latter's betrothed, were murdered, as were also thirteen Ministers of State and other high dignitaries, with many Japanese. The uprising was led by the ex-Regent, Tai-in-Kun, the uncle of the King, and the latest report from the unfortunate country is that he has seized the throne.

Terrible riots between Hindoos and Mohammedans have occurred at Salem, in the Presidency of Madras, the Mohammedans, who constituted but a small minority of the population, suffering frightful atrocities at the hands of the Hindoos. The cholera is raging terribly in the Philippine islands, three hundred deaths a day occurring at Manila, and Japan is also suffering from its ravages, about eighty deaths a day being recorded at Tokio and Yokohama. At the same time the dreaded Siberian plague has appeared in widely separated parts of Russia. More trouble is reported from South Africa, Sekukuni, the well-known Caffre chief, his son and fourteen followers having been killed by Mampoor, the chief put into his place by the British.

DURING the last fiscal year the cash sales of public lands reached 3,910,212 acres, of which 3,699,899 acres were agricultural land. During the preceding year the cash sales of agricultural lands amounted to 1,587,617 acres. Dakota led in the number of sales, having received \$1,751,960 for 698,091 acres. In Michigan, the sales amounted to 408,778 acres; in Louisiana, to 370,032 acres; in Minnesota, to 360,307 acres; in Wisconsin, to 349,327 acres, and so on. Iowa closes the list, with sales of only 685 acres.

An interesting article on "The Field of Operations in Egypt," from the pen of a writer who has personally explored all the region described, will be found on another page. So much that is written and published about Egypt and the Egyptians is either mere conjecture or drawn from untrustworthy authorities, that statements based upon personal knowledge and actual contact with the people and their institutions have at this time a peculiar value for all who care to follow intelligently the course of events, military and political.

The traffic in meat is assuming a new phase with the rapid increase in the exportation of dressed meat from the West to the East. The butchers in New York, Baltimore and Boston have already taken the alarm, and their fears of sharp competition from this source appear, happily for consumers, to be well founded. Already one establishment at Hammond, Ind., is killing over 500 cattle a day and shipping the meat in refrigerator cars, while elaborate preparations are making at various points for extending this business.

The great passenger lines between the chief Western cities and New York have agreed to try an interesting experiment in the shape of a "differential" rates in favor of the longest and least popular routes. Hitherto the first-class fare from St. Louis, for instance, has been \$24.25 by any one of the six or eight different lines which a passenger might take, without reference to the length of the route, the time required for the trip or a transfer on the way. By the new arrangement the most popular line will still charge \$24.25, other lines \$23.25, and others still less down to \$21 for the most circuitous route with no through cars. The principle appears entirely just, but many good judges doubt whether the lines against which it can scarcely fail to discriminate in practice will long consent to be bound by it.

The past Summer has not been prolific in Indian troubles, but the monotony has now been broken by a difficulty with Red Cloud, head chief of the Sioux nation. Red Cloud has always been a hard person to get along with, and his natural ugliness has been aggravated by the unscrupulous white men who always hover about an Indian reservation, stirring up trouble by which they hope to profit. The agent in charge of Red Cloud's reservation, a Scotch surgeon of high character, Dr. McGillicuddy by name, has exasperated Red Cloud by enforcing strict discipline, and the rascally whites, by stopping the stealing; so that the chief was finally provoked into sending on an ultimatum to Washington that the agent "must go" or there would be trouble. Dr. McGillicuddy, however, promptly took measures to secure an efficient army backing in case of necessity, and as the majority of the Indians

refuse to follow Red Cloud's lead, that chieftain will probably find it not so easy as he once did to dictate terms to the Government.

THE grain crops of some of the Western States more than justify the largest expectations of the farmers. In Illinois the wheat crop is the largest, with one exception, ever harvested in the State, amounting to the enormous total of 52,000,000 bushels. At the same time the quality of the wheat is much better than an average, and having been saved in good condition, will return the producer more money than any crop during the past fourteen years. In several other States the wheat yield is scarcely less phenomenal. Returns from twelve of the Western corn-growing States promise an increased yield of 400,000,000 bushels over last year, and it is estimated that, with the increased production this year in the South and elsewhere, the aggregate of the country will be 50 per cent. greater than last year, or a total crop of 1,800,000,000 bushels. Remembering how largely the prosperity of the country depends upon the state of the crops, even the most despondent will find in these reports of the vast grain production of the year substantial grounds of confidence in the continuance of "good times."

JUST as the project is broached for shortening the time between this country and England by extending railway communication to the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and so reducing the ocean voyage to 1,640 miles, fresh schemes are proposed for reaching the same end by improvements in steamship construction. Captain Lundborg, a Swedish ship-builder, promises to construct vessels with two propellers, driven by engines of 20,000 horse power, which will make twenty-one knots an hour and cover the distance between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in five days and a-half. M. Sebillot, a French engineer, expects to outdo even this by introducing in naval architecture "the iron-beam system," which changes the present model so as to greatly reduce the water resistance, and which, he maintains, will render it possible to build an ocean steamship for passengers capable of maintaining a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and reducing the passage to four days. Such a scheme appears almost chimerical, and yet it would scarcely mark a greater advance upon present methods of ocean navigation than these do upon those in vogue twenty years ago.

ALL the leading nations of the world will send out parties to observe the transit of Venus on December 6th. The United States will establish several stations in this country, of which the chief will be at Cedar Keys, Fla.; San Antonio, Tex.; and Fort Thorn, New Mexico; besides two in South America, one in South Africa and one in New Zealand. The southernmost of the South American stations is to be at Port Santa Cruz, on the east coast of Patagonia in 50° of south latitude, and the other probably at Santiago in Chili. The exact locations of the stations in Cape Colony and New Zealand have not yet been fixed. The stations to be established by European Governments in this part of the world are as follows: Germany, at Hartford, Conn., and Aiken, S. C.; France, one in Florida, one at Martinique, one in Mexico; Belgium, one in Texas; Great Britain, one at Bermuda, one in Jamaica and one at the Barbadoes. The American observers will depend chiefly upon photography, which is their strong point. The American photographs taken at the last transit being the only ones which were serviceable. The Germans depend upon the heliometer, and the French and English and Belgians upon contact. The German expeditions are expected to sail from Hamburg in a week or two.

THE intensity of the popular indignation over the passage of the River and Harbor Bill is every day finding fresh illustration in the rebuke of Congressmen who gave the measure their support and are now aspirants for re-nomination. In a number of districts, the masses of both parties have, so to speak, taken up arms against their recreant Representatives, and candidates who have managed to be re-nominated find themselves in danger of defeat, even where ordinarily their majority would count by thousands. In one such case, over in New Jersey, where the Democratic majority is nearly 5,000, the present Representative, having narrowly escaped defeat in the district convention on account of his River and Harbor vote, is now violently denounced by the leading party papers and by popular meetings of his party associates throughout the district; and unless he shall retire the majority which has heretofore been invincible will be reduced to a minimum, if not, indeed, altogether obliterated. When hide-bound partisans thus rebuke "regular" candidates, it is quite safe to conclude that the offense of the latter is something more than imaginary, and that the popular indignation is too real and too earnest to be appeased by flippant apologies or profuse promises of future fidelity to the public interests.

ANOTHER notable strike has ended in the failure which seems the rule in all such movements this year. The Harmony Mills at Cohoes, N. Y., which employ nearly four thousand hands, announced a ten per cent. reduction of wages in the latter part of April, being driven to this step by the diminishing prices which their goods brought in the market. The employees refused to accept the new basis, and remained out on strike until the closing week of August, when nearly all of them returned to work at the reduced wages. They had wasted four whole months, and so far from gaining anything by their long struggle, they had lost fully a quarter of a million dollars in wages which they would have received had

they yielded to the reduction at once. The mill-owners, on the other hand, find all their losses by the suspension more than counterbalanced by the fact that, despite their failure to increase the stock of goods, prices have continued to decline, so that, if their immense production had been added, they would have done business through the Summer at a loss. The Cohoes strike appears to have been a case where the workmen were fighting against the immutable laws of trade, and it is a shame that foolish leaders should have involved hundreds of families in prolonged suffering to carry on such a struggle destined from the first to prove fruitless.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Californians have secured the passage of a law preventing the further immigration of Chinamen, they seem to be still disturbed by the Chinese question. A few weeks ago the San Francisco Supervisors passed an ordinance designed to drive the Mongolians out of the laundry business, which they have come to almost monopolize, by making it unlawful for any person to open or carry on a laundry without obtaining the consent of the board, which could only be granted on the recommendation of at least twelve tax-paying citizens of the block. Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, however, declared this ordinance unconstitutional, on the broad ground that the Supervisors had no right to place such restrictions upon the conduct of an occupation which was neither immoral, disorderly, nor indecent. The Judge's decision aroused great indignation, and the Supervisors, undeterred by the failure of their first attempt, proceeded to frame a new ordinance, which requires the proprietor of every laundry to obtain a license from them, and interposes so many conditions that a poor Chinaman can never hope to secure one. Whether this latest scheme will stand the scrutiny of the courts remains to be seen. Meanwhile, it is surprising that the San Franciscans do not avail themselves of a perfectly simple, legal and practicable means of abolishing Chinese laundries, which consists in merely refusing to patronize them.

A FEW weeks ago a startling story of highway robbery came from the popular Maine Summer resort of Mount Desert. A party of two gentlemen and two ladies, riding on the "buckboard" wagon so popular in that region, were stopped on their way down Green Mountain by a Claude Duval of the most approved type, who made them deliver up their watches and money at the point of the pistol, and then disappeared with his booty. The affair naturally created a great sensation, and effectually dispelled the pleasant sense of security, or, rather, the utter lack of apprehension, which had always been felt by the Summer wanderers in that Arcadian region. Many ladies became too nervous to venture off on long expeditions, and gentlemen considered it necessary to carry revolvers when they went out on a ramble over the hills. Detectives were put on the track of the highwayman, suspicious characters in all the country around were overhauled, and the careless ease of the vacation season gave way to an active search for a bold criminal. At last the mystery is dispelled, two young ladies having confessed that they persuaded a gentleman friend to personate the robber and despoil two other friends who should accompany them on the "buckboard" expedition, with the intention that the valuables should ultimately be restored to their owners and the farce explained. In other words, the whole affair was only a practical joke, and the young ladies members of that cheerful class of humanity who drive their fellows into insanity by suddenly frightening them, or send them into eternity by pulling the triggers of revolvers which they didn't know were loaded. The practical joker is about the worst product of civilization, and it is a great pity that he cannot be given his deserts at the hands of the law.

THE political situation generally throughout the country is becoming more and more confused. On every side there are indications of a disintegration of parties and the formation of fragmentary organizations on special and temporary issues. Thus in some States the temperance agitation is deranging existing party relations and menacing the stability of the dominant political forces; in others, the labor question is coming to the front with a vehemence that cannot be resisted; while in still others the situation is embarrassed by revolts against the ruling "bosses" and the "bolting" of Congressional nominations which have the stamp of regularity, but which are obnoxious to the better voting element. Just now the labor agitation seems to be especially formidable, the workingmen evidently proposing to set up for themselves and make a resolute fight, altogether outside of old party lines, for their "rights." In Pennsylvania they have nominated Thomas A. Armstrong, who is also the Greenback candidate, for Governor, on a platform that fairly bristles with denunciations of the aggressions of capital and the tyranny of corporations; and if the labor vote shall be honestly thrown for the candidate so nominated, the result will be very materially affected. Without the labor vote, the Republican "machine" ticket must inevitably go to the wall, while with it the Greenbackers may again become respectable as a factor in the politics of the State. There is no possibility that the interests of the working classes will be really promoted by these independent party movements; the evils of which workingmen complain are not of the sort to be cured by working in the dirty pools of politics; but they are so generally persuaded that help and relief are actually to be found in that direction that nothing short of absolute failure will convince them of the folly of attempting to build a party upon the solitary issue of a possible grievance.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Domestic.

A HEAVY snowstorm raged at Leadville, Col., all one night last week.

CAPITALISTS in Philadelphia propose to build an electric railway for street passenger traffic.

It is expected that the Star Route cases will go to the jury before the close of the present week.

THE California Republicans have nominated Morris M. Estee, a prominent San Francisco lawyer, for Governor.

THERE is another "boom" in Confederate bonds at Richmond, Va., where brokers are paying as much as \$7.50 per thousand for them.

THE practice of "boycotting" merchants in San Francisco, for selling goods of Chinese manufacture, has been brought to the attention of the courts.

WILLIAM W. WOOD, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, was drowned in the Potomac River last week. He entered the navy in 1835.

ANOTHER party of over one hundred Jewish refugees from Russia were sent back to Europe last week, because they were unable to earn a living in this country.

THE naval officers of New York city are arranging a reception for Engineer Melville of the lost *Jeanette*, who sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last.

THE cotton, corn, tobacco, wheat, rice and oats crops in North Carolina are reported to be very large, the yield of tobacco, oats and wheat being exceptionally heavy.

THERE were 110 business failures in the United States during last week, a decrease of 22 from the preceding week, and six more than the corresponding week last year.

SECRETARY FOLGER says that if he should be nominated for Governor of New York he would accept the nomination. He is apparently the Administration candidate.

A MORTGAGE of \$160,000,000, executed by the Reading Railway and Coal Companies to secure a new five per cent consolidated loan, was recorded in Philadelphia last week.

THE irrepressible Captain Payne and a number of his followers, who recently invaded the Indian Territory, were last week arrested by the military and placed in confinement at Fort Reno.

AMONG distinguished visitors from abroad who arrived at this port last week were Mr. John Pender, M. P., the eminent telegraph manager, and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the English industrial reformer.

THE debt of the City of New York, on the 31st of July last, as officially stated, was \$136,638,807, to redeem which there is the sum of \$39,035,493 in the sinking fund. There has been a decrease of \$786,867 in the net debt during the past year.

THE experts who were engaged in the microscopical examination of Guitau's brain have completed their work. It is understood that they already disagree in their conclusions respecting his sanity, and that there will probably be two reports rendered.

THE whole number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden during the first eight months of this year was 343,641, against 310,477 for the same period last year. The arrivals in August, however, showed a decline of 5,675, as compared with the same month of 1881.

THE heads of the Mormon Church have issued a proclamation, in view of the arrival in Utah of the Congressional Commission, defying the Federal law for the suppression of polygamy, and declaring their determination to maintain it "while time exists or eternity endures."

THE yellow fever continues its ravages at Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoros, Mexico, and is spreading to the ranches above Brownsville, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. The disease has appeared at Pensacola, Fla., where about twenty cases have occurred and some deaths.

A THREE-MILE race on Cannderaga Lake, at Richfield Springs, N. Y., September 1st, between Charles E. Courtney and George W. Lee, was rowed in the unprecedented time of 19:31½, and resulted in favor of Courtney by a length and a half. The best time ever before made in a three-mile race was 20:14½.

THE Hotel Brunswick, at Old Orchard Beach, Me., was destroyed by fire on the morning of August 31st. The guests saved their lives by jumping from the second and third story windows, but lost all their wardrobes, money and other effects. An adjoining hotel was also burned. The fire was of incendiary origin.

A BAND of two hundred Apache Indians, who have been committing depredations in Sonora, a week or so since encountered a body of Mexican troops and defeated them, after which they separated into three bands and made their escape. A number of Americans and Mexicans have been killed by Indians on the Arizona line.

THE recent floods in Western Texas prove to have been terribly destructive to both property and life. Tom Green County suffered most severely, an inundation in the Concho River sweeping away Ben Ficklin, the county seat, and other villages, and over 120 persons are believed to have been drowned, while thousands of cattle perished and the crops over large districts were destroyed.

THE Michigan Republicans have nominated Governor Jerome and Lieutenant-governor Crosby for re-election. In the Sixth Mississippi District John R. Lynch (colored) has been re-nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress. The Republicans of the First West Virginia District have nominated Nathan Goff, Jr., ex-Secretary of the Navy, for Congress. The Kansas Democracy have nominated Mr. George W. Glick for Governor.

## Foreign.

CATERWAO sailed from England for Zululand on the 1st instant.

THE Hungarian harvests are most abundant, and there will be a large surplus of rye and wheat for export.

THE Greek Patriarchs and Bishops of Syria and Palestine deny that there is any rising of Mussulmans against the Christians.

A LARGE Jewish banking firm at Odessa is about to dissolve in consequence of the insecurity caused by the persecution of the Jews.

THE Mexican National Railroad is completed from Corpus Christi, Texas, to Monterey, a distance of 330 miles, the first passenger train having reached the latter city on the 1st instant.

SARAH BERNHARDT, after a performance in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," at Bradford, England, one evening last week, was seized with spitting of blood, and was for two hours unconscious.

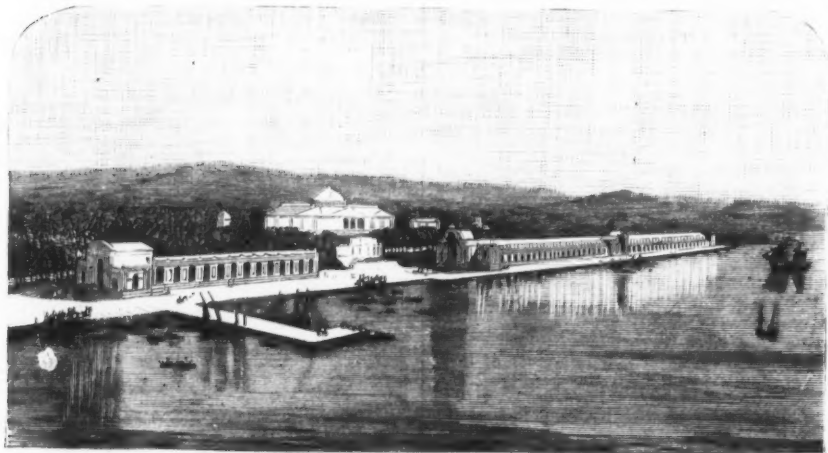
THE Montreal steamer *Lake Nepigon* went ashore on the Irish coast September 1st, but got off without serious injury. The passengers left the vessel in five boats, all of which reached different points on the coast.



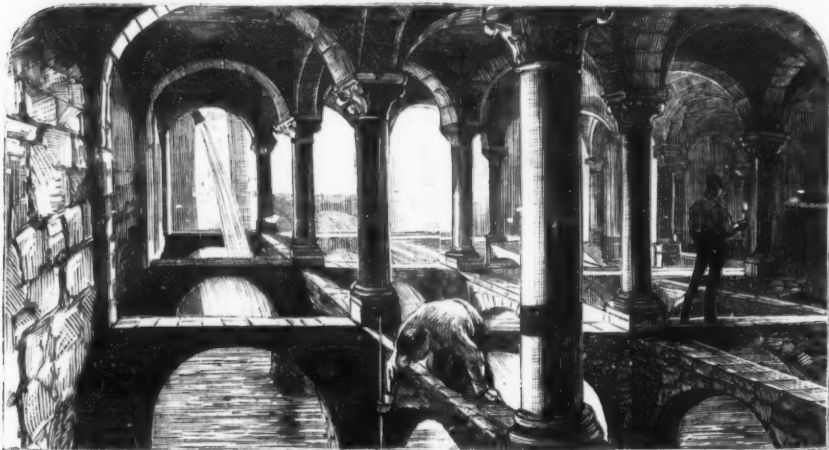
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



RUSSIA.—ON THE WAY TO THE EXHIBITION AT MOSCOW.



AUSTRIA.—THE AGRICULTURAL-INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT TRIESTE.



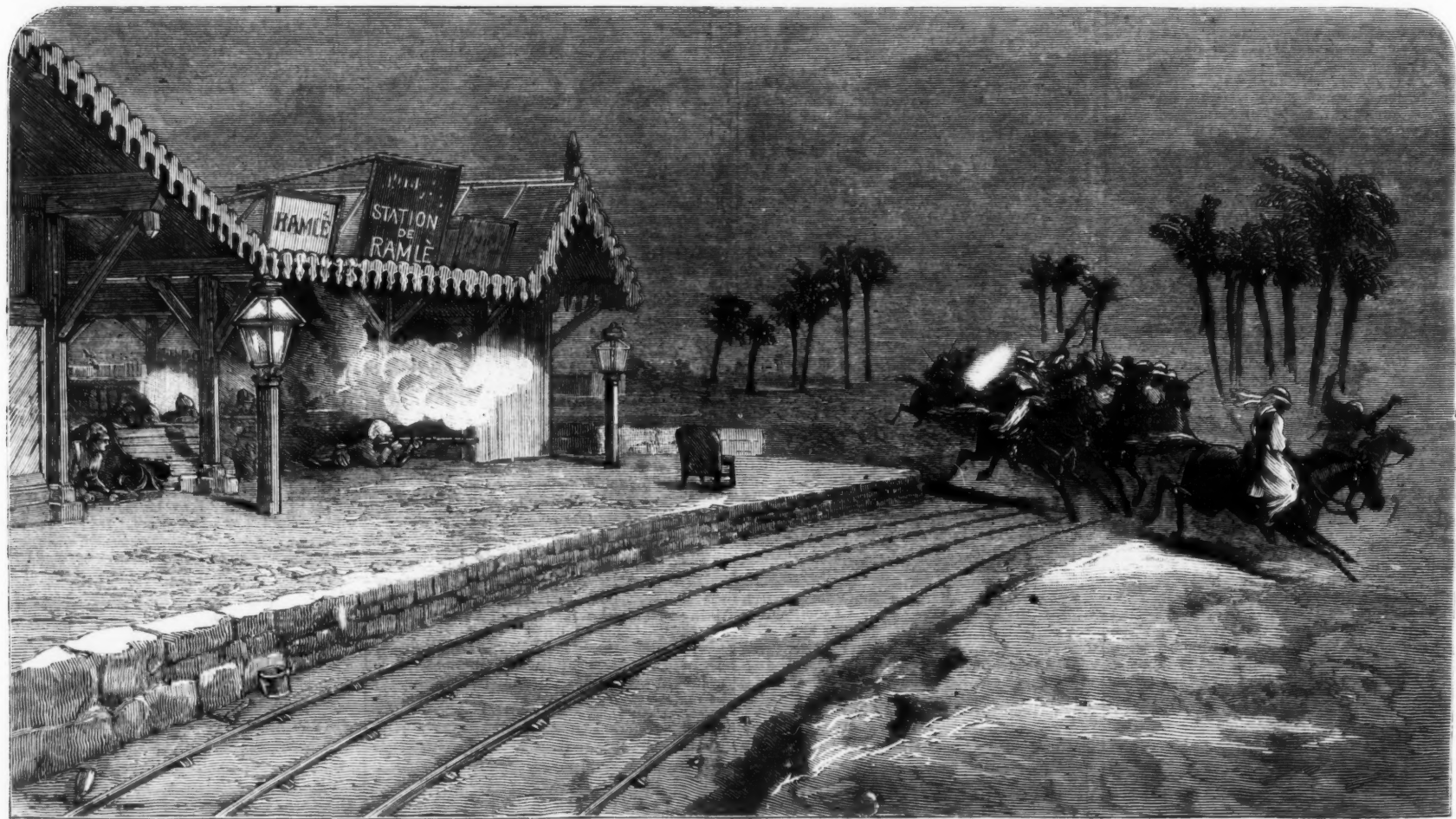
EGYPT.—FILLING WITH WATER THE OLD ROMAN CISTERN AT ALEXANDRIA.



ITALY.—MONUMENT TO ARNOLD OF BRESCIA, THE REFORMER, INAUGURATED AT BRESCIA, AUGUST 14TH.

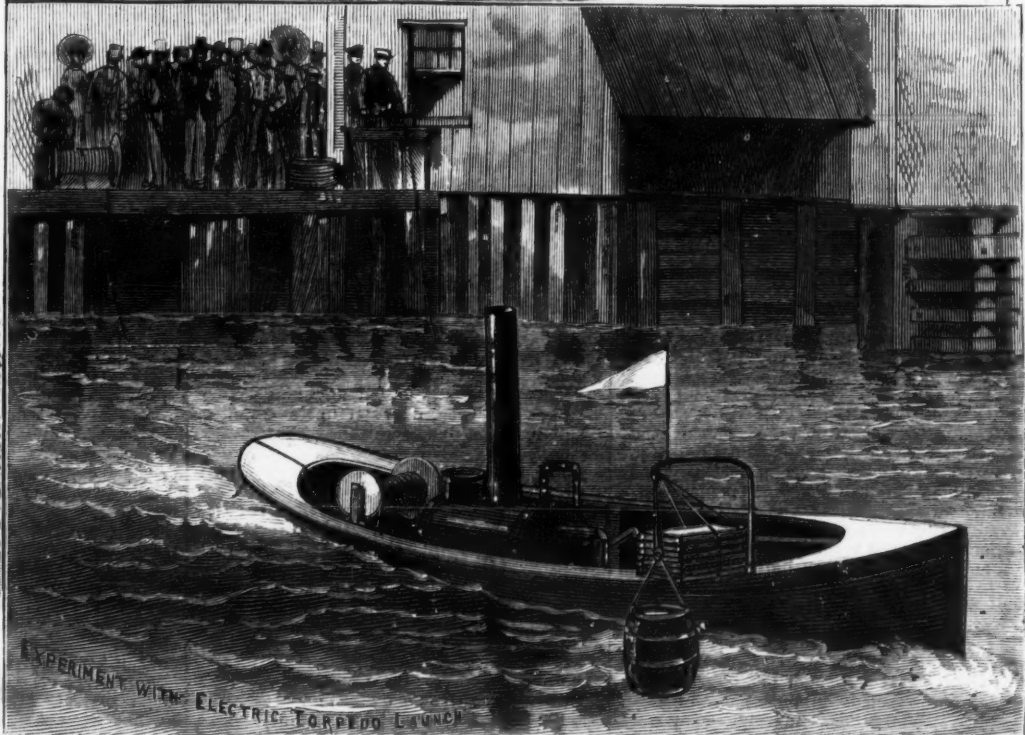
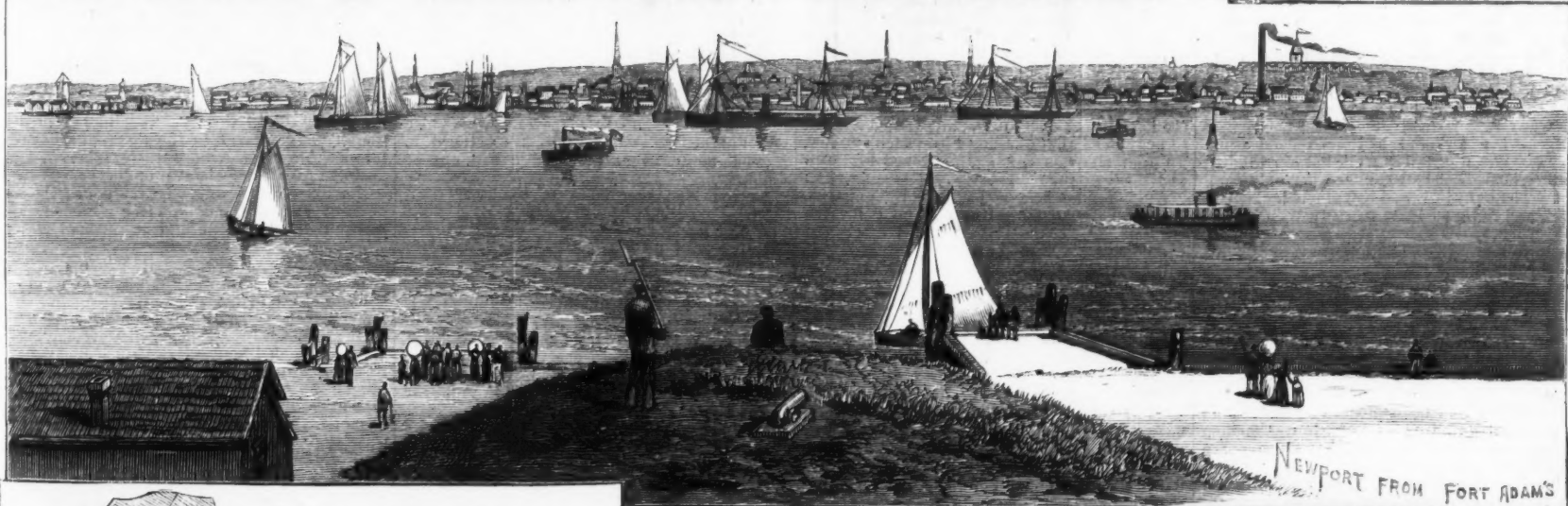
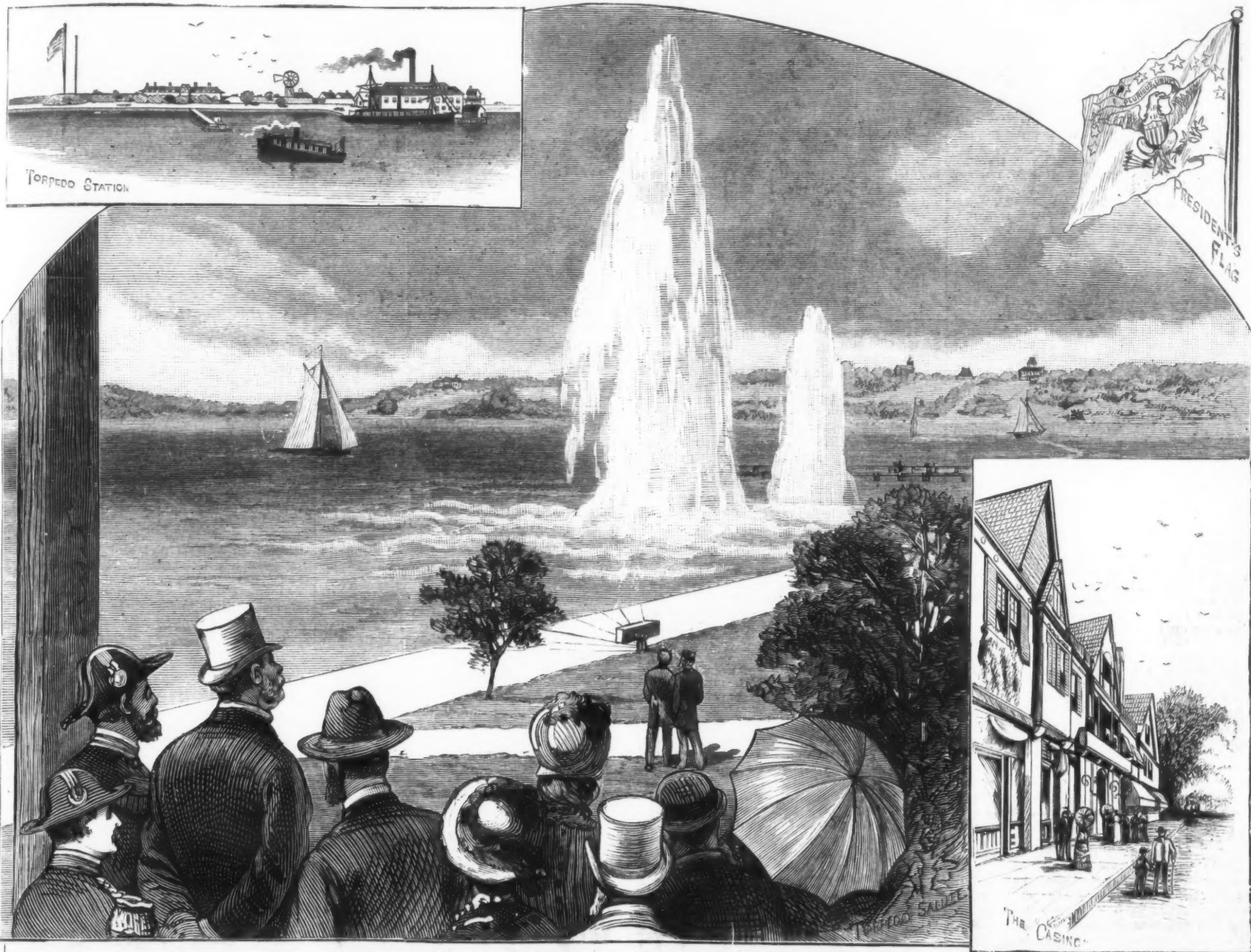


THE WAR IN EGYPT.—THE 40-POUNDER GUN IN ACTION ON THE BRITISH IRONCLAD TRAIN.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—BEDOUINS, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ENTER RAMLEH FROM THE DESERT, SKIRMISHING WITH A BRITISH PICKET.





RHODE ISLAND.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S VISIT TO NEWPORT.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38.



## IRREVOCABLE.

**L**OST, O, my love! for sweeter arms, or sweeter to your mind, Have bound you close and fast; more fond you may not find Than mine, who loved, and love you more than all the rest, Although I were not, though I be not best. I could not hold you, dear; was fain to let you go, Wishing for you all happiness. For me the anguish, the bitterness of woe, The forgotten past, the present's vain regret, The future sad with longings. I loved you so; and I shall not forget, Because, though all is lost, dear love, I love you yet.

M. S. D.

## DOCTOR FLOYD.

**I**T was nearly four years since Doctor Floyd had first come to the village, and he still occupied as office and dwelling the rooms he had taken upon his arrival. These were located in the second story of a small building in which was the general store of the neighborhood, and the home of its proprietor, whose good wife daily ascended the staircase to care for the doctor's apartments.

After a few months' struggle his success had been assured, as the thrifty villagers were not slow in discovering that the new doctor had a sound head and a skillful hand. In time, indeed, they employed him to the entire exclusion of crusty Giles and plethoric Bascom, the town physicians, a mile and a half away.

One bitter night late in December, the doctor having finished his supper at the small hotel opposite, where he took his meals, crossed the road slowly, glancing up at his own windows and contrasting their gloom with the well-trimmed lamps of the store beneath.

He wearily climbed the stairs and let himself into his rooms, whose loneliness more than ever oppressed him.

He had that day seen a face so like the face of one who had been dead—to him—for three sad years. Her brother, so like herself, had suddenly confronted him with outstretched hand and eager cry of recognition.

Lighting the lamp, he shook the snow from his wraps and put them aside with methodic care. The mellow radiance revealed a face both wan and stern, a face clean shaven as a priest's, with heavy features, but not coarse; dark, searching eyes, but not sinister, and broad, white forehead hung with heavy blue-black hair. For the rest the doctor was a man of solid build and middle height, whom you might suppose to have lately entered his thirties. He dropped the curtains, drew a chair to the table and opened a book. But the print grew dim and distant, and he seemed to stand again as he had stood that day at noon, in the streets of the neighboring town, and before him arose, as had then arisen, the face and form of Maurice Bowen—bright, handsome Maurice, the brother of the woman he had loved and lost. Again that friendly hand was extended and an earnest, young voice—so like her voice of old—rang out in glad surprise: "Old fellow! You here?" Then Maurice and he had walked and talked in the winter sunlight. And Maurice had spoken of Nelly—that she was now a widow. Floyd had not heard? Ah, yes, her husband had been dead some months. She was fairly well, but her life had been saddened. The baby was her only comfort. The baby! Floyd had started. Nelly's child, and Nelly so little more than child herself! Then, too, it had seemed almost blasphemous to talk of Nelly's child, when it was not his child—and he had loved her so!

"I cannot talk of her," he said, abruptly, "but tell me of yourself, and of your father. Is he well?"

And Maurice had answered that his father was well, and he, himself, had been sent out by his employers to represent them through this State.

The doctor had been pleased at this news; he was glad Maurice was doing so well, and so young, scarcely twenty-four, but three years older than Nelly.

Here Floyd arose, and taking a small wooden box from the drawer of the old oaken bookcase, placed it upon the table before him. Searching elsewhere, he found a tiny key, and unlocking the box with nervous hands, lifted the contents with tender touch.

Here was a picture, carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, which he could not touch just yet. It was the picture she had given him four years ago; her sunny, girlish face at seventeen, all rimmed with curls. The picture she had given him ere he started in the wild March weather from their Eastern home to seek a new field, a place wherein to build a nest for his promised wife. He remembered that dreary parting; how cold it was, how blind he grew as he took his last look from the car-window at Nelly throwing tearful kisses, and Maurice waving his handkerchief! How his heart had rebelled. How long the ride had seemed—how cold! How he had pinched himself from the start, that his little capital might last its longest. He had traveled all night in an ordinary day-car and alighted at his destination before dawn, half-awake and shivering. He remembered standing bewildered upon the station platform, trying in an absurd way to put his little satchel on his head in place of his hat, which was under his arm. He remembered having written this, as the comical side, to Nelly, who had taken it dreadfully in earnest, and sent her answer blurred with tears: "I feel so bad to think you had to be cold and lonesome, dear, dear Julian!"

He had that answer yet among the letters. He took them up with fondness. The superscriptions were all in Maurice's hand. Nelly had always said she could not address an envelope, her writing would "run up hill."

Julian still held them tenderly. They were only the simplest of love-letters; in one, a lock of chestnut hair—her hair; in another,

a pressed flower, a rosebud. Here was one in which she told "How cross papa was!" Here was another, which mentioned a party and the people who were there. Still another—ah! Julian could never see this without shaking with anger and agony.

"Colonel Bond was at our house last evening; a beau of one of my chums. . . . And, Julian—you must not say anything—but I heard he had been divorced. Isn't it awful? But he is so jolly. He is neither old nor young; very much of your complexion, that's why I like him. But not as sober as you. He dances beautifully. . . . Dear Julian, you have been gone almost ten months. I wonder if you have changed as much as I?"

That last sentence had given him an odd, fierce pang. He didn't want her to change. He wanted her always as she used to be—bright, young, winsome, fair-faced, curly-headed, willful!

He remembered how he had replied: "My darling, don't say you are changed. I would not have you changed! . . . I have had a severe struggle here; sometimes when clouds were darkest I have almost despaired. But at last light is breaking. . . . And, once we are together, one smile of yours, my darling, one glimpse of your sunny face and dear, bright eyes, one hour of your sweet companionship will repay all!"

And yet her answer had been so brief, so unsatisfactory. "She was in great haste. Going to drive. And papa was so cross—would not let her attend a party with Colonel Bond. So absurd! Would write again soon."

Vividly Julian recalled the burning words of devotion and entreaty he had returned, and the anxiety he had endured while waiting—waiting—waiting for her strangely-delayed next letter. At last it came.

When he had taken it from the office and had seen the familiar address, his heart gave a great glad throb; the blood leaped through his veins. He thrust it in his pocket and turned towards his rooms close by. The March blast was no more than a zephyr; the memory of pain and trouble vanished. His weariness fled, he ran swiftly, joyfully up the stairs. Had not the long-awaited come? The letter written by her own dear hand and perfumed with her breath!

It all came back to him! The shock, the bewilderment, the whirling room, the agony! Nelly had not written, but her brother had sent a few shamed, sorrowful words, telling that on her eighteenth birthday she had gone secretly away and been married to—Colonel Bond. She had even deceived her brother—her all-time confidant. And she had broken faith with her far-off lover with scarcely a pang of remorse. "Tell him," she had said, in a note to her brother, "that I was mistaken. I did not intend to be false. He will love somebody else better."

"Love somebody else!" with the thought of her haunting him down to his death.

Julian now unwrapped her picture and gazed at the lovely, wayward face. He had never seen her since, save in his dreams, nor had he heard her name until to-day. He was never to see her again; never again to cradle her darling head upon his breast; never to smooth the soft curls from her forehead; never to watch her liquid eyes unclose nor to see her ripe lips part in laughter; never again to hear her sweet girl-voice in speech or song. To him she was dead. He bowed his face above the picture hopelessly.

After a time he was aroused by footsteps. Hastily gathering his treasures and locking the box, he replaced it in the drawer and turned to answer the knock.

"Maurice!" he cried, with a start.

"Yes," laughed the visitor, "Maurice, not a ghost—though I judge by your face you thought so."

"Perhaps I did. Come in, you are all snow. Is it storming hard? How in the world did you get here?"

Maurice put off his coat with friendly ease.

"Not 'how,' Julian, but 'why' did I get here. For love of you. I longed to see you and have a good chat, as of old."

"As of old," repeated Floyd, giving his friend the great chair and seating himself by the table.

"It's an awful night," said Maurice, holding his ears; "I tell you they pain."

The doctor, rising, opened the window and brought in a handful of snow.

"Rub them with this," he said. "I suppose you rode?"

"Yes. I put my horse out at the tavern, where I shall stop."

"Nonsense! You will stop with me." He went over and poked the fire, which was low, thrust another stick among the embers, and turned the damper. They talked for some time of old friends at the old home. Presently Maurice remarked: "You are very comfortably fixed, but you can't mean to stay here always."

"I don't know. My practice is very good, and I have nothing to call me elsewhere. It might have been different—" he broke off and cleared his throat.

"Yes," said Maurice, "it might, as I very well know." Then, with startling abruptness, "Julian, haven't you forgiven her yet?"

The doctor started.

"Forgiven her? Oh, yes—surely yes—poor child!"

"She has suffered for her folly—suffered enough, I think."

"In what way?" asked the doctor, with quick, eager pity, but half concealed.

"In every way. You know Bond was a divorced man, and the divorce was not of his getting. Poor Nelly! While he was faithful to her, he was also very jealous of her. His death was a happy release."

"Do you think"—the doctor's voice trembled—"do you think she loved him?"

"Loved him!" scornfully, "No, I think she was only fascinated for the hour!"

Another pause.

"Did he leave her well provided for?"

"Very moderately so; a small property, yielding a very small income. She is living with father now. Father is very fond of the baby. When I came away she was thinking some of going to Colorado to visit a cousin. I hope she won't start till spring. I've only had one letter."

Floyd drew a long breath.

"I have been very severe on her," continued Maurice; "the first time we met after her marriage, I forbade her to speak your name. But when I left home she cried piteously. 'You are going West, Maurice,' she said, 'and if ever you meet him, tell him I never forgave myself. Tell him I pray he may always be happy! I was very sorry for her then, Julian, and very tender to her. I remembered she was my only sister, my same little Nelly!'"

The doctor seemed to swallow something with great difficulty, and, rising, walked slowly to and fro.

"Since Bond's death, I have sometimes thought," continued Maurice, closely regarding his companion, "that all might yet be well. Time works many changes."

He paused awkwardly. There was no sound save the crackling of the wood-fire and Floyd's footsteps as he still paced the room.

Suddenly Maurice resumed: "Why should those who love each other remain apart, if no cause, no person, stand between them?"

Another silence.

"Maurice," said the doctor, with solemn tenderness, "I understand you, and I love you. But what you are thinking of can never be. I loved your sister; I confess I love her yet"—he faltered—"but the past rises between us, an impassable barrier!" He sat down again by the table.

Maurice made no reply, and Floyd went on: "I could never make her happy, nor be happy myself."

"Now, Julian, don't talk so; a mere sentiment!" cried Bowen, impulsively, coming over to his friend and gazing down with a wistful expression. "I saw you to-day, thin, pale, lonesome looking, and I thought of Nelly's pitiful state. It seemed to me this need not be. Remember, Floyd, that father was very harsh with her! Remember how we had to pinch to get along—father never had much luck, you know. Remember how young she was!"

"I remembered that long ago, when I forgave her," Floyd replied, dreamily.

"Well, she is free now—and Bond is dead."

"I very well realize that he is dead," said Julian, quietly, "but there is his child, a living reminder."

"It would become your child," Maurice suggested.

Floyd shook his head and smiled faintly. "I have had a little experience," he said; "my mother was a second wife, but my father's children were not her children by any means, nor my brothers and sisters. However, that is not the question. I could not put away the shadow. I have forgiven, but you must not blame me if I have not forgotten." His voice trembled with agitation.

Maurice wisely changed the subject.

"Floyd, do you smoke nowadays? Haven't you a pipe? There's a good deal of solid comfort in a pipe."

"I had one," the doctor answered, his voice still quivering. "But I haven't smoked in a good many evenings—been called out so much."

"I am glad you were in to-night," said Maurice, smiling; "glad for myself and for you, too, it's so stormy."

He mused a little, and resumed:

"But, Julian, you ought to be in a large city; you ought to have money and fame. It's a shame to hide you out here. How much is your income?"

"I scarcely know. I spend very little. Wealth and fame were dreams of mine four years ago when I started West with my diploma and my young ambition. I don't care for them now. Oh, I have some land and some money in bonds. Perhaps one of these days I shall find myself worth a few thousands."

"And you had nothing to start with?"

"Nothing to speak of. My half brothers and half sisters saw to that," he said, with some bitterness.

"But what's the good of money if you don't spend it?" pursued the other.

"One of these days I may want to will something to you—and Nelly."

"Oh, Julian!"

Floyd went over to the bookcase and rummaged the drawers for pipe and tobacco.

"I think they are here," he said, as he hunted. "You see, Maurice," keeping his face turned away, "you see I have not lost my love for Nelly, though we may never again meet face to face. I wish you would tell her for me that I think tenderly of her, and if ever she needs a friend—" he stopped abruptly and listened. There was sudden clatter of hoofs and clamor of voices in the road.

Then the voice of a villager shouted wildly to him: "Floyd, Floyd! Doctor, quick, for God's sake!"

Quick as a flash he had raised the window and made reply: "What is it, Gibson?"

"Not a minute—here's a horse—the railroad bridge has gone down with the express—people are burning to death!"

"My God!" cried Maurice, shaking with terror.

Floyd was ready in a moment, hat, coat and medicine-case.

"Maurice," he said, with a crisp command, "lock the door and follow. Don't come alone—the road's bad—get some one across!"

He tore down the stairs and sprang into the saddle. "How long since, Gibson?"

"Not ten minutes."

Away they sped into the night. The doctor could scarcely hear Gibson's voice for the furious wind which drove the snow mercilessly into their faces. He could only imagine death and disaster.

He knew the bridge well—an iron structure that had stood every test—across the creek just east of town.

"Seventy feet into eternity!" he groaned. "Long train!" shouted Gibson; "two engines—first got over safe, kept the track—rest went down, all ablaze—can't get the people out!"

Now they heard the clang of the fire bells, and sharper than all, the bell of the engine-house near the bridge.

Dashing into the frenzied crowd, they alighted. Julian flung his bridle to Gibson.

"For God's sake get the engines and play on the fire!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Tried it," some one answered, "no water—everything frozen up!"

Floyd rushed into the engine-house where were gathered those who by a miracle had at first escaped with their lives. Giles and Bascom were already there. "Anything for me to do? No!" He was out again in an instant, and, clearing his way through the stricken throng, rapidly descended the steep, rugged banks of the chasm.

Brave men were battling desperately with the fire, which enveloped everything and forbade approach.

"It's no use," some one groaned, "they are all dead by this!"

Julian heard with a shudder, and cried: "More axes! more buckets—break the ice—take snow—let us stop it somehow! Don't give up, men, don't give up!"

None worked harder than he. And so they fought the demon through the blinding snow and stinging blast, while the shouts of half-crazed, helpless people rent the air.

By and by the flames died sullenly out, as if appeased, and the stouter-hearted led the search with ax and pick and lantern. Here and there, where the terrible crash had broken the ice, dark waters gurgled up.

At length they came upon one with limbs all crushed and life just flickering on his lips. A piteous moan was heard as they labored to free him from the heavy weights that had kept back the fire. Then strong, careful arms bore the mangled form slowly across the ice and up the bank.

Julian followed speedily; his place was now at the engine-house above. Here his quick, helpful hands were soon busy with the wounded and the dying; but he could scarcely bring himself to look upon the charred and ghastly shapes which were carried in from time to time and covered.

Occasionally they brought a dripping form which the flames had not reached; once, a little child, an infant, whose long white robe was frozen, whose baby-face was darkened by death's shadow.

And now Maurice Bowen came slowly in, haggard with horror.

"Floyd," he faltered, "are you here? It—it is awful! I got sick—and couldn't come close. I am not used—Oh, Julian, that little baby—is it dead? It looks—it looks so—so like Nelly's baby!"

"Take care, Maurice!" said the other, sharply, drawing him away from before the door; "they are bringing in another."

A woman's slender form, which they had found wedged between iron and ice! They brought her in most tenderly; there might be life, they said, as they gently laid her down. They had been awed by the gleam of a beautiful, marble face, where their lanterns had flashed in that terrible gulf of death.

Her long, dark hair swept the floor; the ice upon it glittered coldly. Her stiffened garments thawed a little and streams of water trickled from them.

Julian's face grew ghastly; it made him faint to see those chestnut curls, and yet he bent quickly and drew aside the covering. For a moment he gazed quietly upon the death-like features, then shrank away with staring eyes, while through his frame ran a great shudder. Bascom caught his arm: "You are faint; go outside." Then, reading the truth: "A friend!"

Maurice pressed forward with a strange, quivering apprehension. But Floyd waved him off.

"Go way, Maurice; don't come here!" he gasped.

"What do you mean, Floyd—who is it?"

"What do you mean, I say?"

"Oh, heaven!" cried Julian, in an agony of grief, and, turning fell upon his knees at her side. "My lost darling!"

But in a second he was up again, blind, desperate, delirious.

"Help, help!" he cried, in ringing tones, with uplifted face and hands. "Help me to save her! She lives—she lives!"

After weary, perilous days, out of which only Julian's constant care and tenderness had borne her, Nelly Bond, still thin and ghost-like, stood with father and brother at the railway station of the little Western town, waiting for the train which should bear them back to their home.

Doctor Floyd was there to see them off, but his face wore a glow of satisfaction, for the parting was not to be over long.

"Floyd, God bless you!" said Nelly's father, and Maurice wrung his hand in silence.

At their wedding, some months later, Mr. Bowen said again: "God bless you!" adding, "You saved her!"

"Yes," laughed the doctor, "but it was all selfishness—I saved her for myself!"

## THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.

**P**RESIDENT ARTHUR is enjoying the vacation which he has so well earned by his arduous duties during the long session of Congress. After a stay of a few days at his New York residence, he left the city on August 22d for Newport, where he remained for ten days, participating in the gaiety which makes that fashionable resort prominent among American watering-places. He was accompanied from New York by Secretary Frelinghuysen,



Attorney-general Brewster and General Hancock, and because the guest of ex-Governor Morgan, who, while Chief Executive of New York, made General Arthur a member of his staff, and so first brought the future President into prominence. Governor Morgan has an elegant villa on Narragansett Avenue, and thither the President was driven immediately upon his arrival. He dined quietly with the family, and retired early to recover from the fatigue of the journey and prepare for the busy round of the morrow. By ten o'clock in the morning official visitors began to arrive, the first party consisting of Captain Selfridge, U. S. N., of the torpedo station, and Lieutenant McLean, of his staff. Soon after their departure, Mayor Franklin called, and, paying his official respects, bade the President a hearty welcome to the city. The President then drove with his host to Fort Adams, where he arrived about half-past eleven. As the party entered the fort a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and then the battalion was presented to the President, after which it marched in review before him. After the review of the foot troops the men of the light battery harnessed their horses and brought out their pieces for a field drill on the glacis. This concluded, the party returned to town and prepared for the reception at Governor Morgan's, which lasted from four to seven P. M., and was a noteworthy occasion. The grounds of the Morgan mansion never looked prettier. On the west side of the house a tent had been erected for the band of the Fourth United States Artillery, which, during the afternoon, played a number of popular airs. Inside, the drawing-rooms and reception-rooms were transformed into a lovely flower-garden. During the reception, Governor Morgan sat on the right of the President, while on General Arthur's left were Mrs. Governor Morgan and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Jr. The guests included the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, Senators Anthony and Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and all the prominent people who make Newport their summer home.

The feature of the next day, August 24th, was the visit to the torpedo station. The President and his party started for the scene of operations the latter part of the morning, and punctually at noon the first torpedo was exploded, while the President was honored by the Stars and Stripes being unfurled and thrown to the breeze, the band meanwhile playing "Hail to the Chief." After glancing at the flaming water which the successfully exploded torpedoes had produced, the party went out to old Fort Wolcott, where an interesting experiment with gun-cotton was had. Professor White pushed a red hot poker through some, but there was no explosion. This material is fine cotton similar to paper pulp. Captain Selfridge showed a piece of it to the President, and told him it was perfectly harmless, but President Arthur showed no desire to handle it. Then a fire was built and a piece of the gun-cotton put in it without any explosive results. But, finally, it was saturated with some twenty-five or thirty per cent. of moisture. Then a small charge of dry cotton was applied, and this was set off by a charge of fulminate of mercury, fired by an electric primer. Mrs. Chandler, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, touched the key and there was a violent explosion, which sent the heavy pieces of timber into smithereens.

The party then proceeded to the electrical building, where Lieutenant-commander A. G. Caldwell showed to the President and Secretary of the Navy the principle and working of the incandescent lamp. Then the chemical laboratory was visited, and the various paraphernalia explained. In the electrical building the key was touched that, under ordinary circumstances, would have exploded a torpedo. The flash of light was beautiful, but it frightened not a few. From this point the party went to the machine-shops, and there the President and Secretary appeared to take a deep interest in everything that was done. Then the whole party went down to the wharf, where the apparatus was fixed for the sending out of the torpedo launch, which is worked by electricity. Mr. Caldwell was in charge of this keyboard. The boat was sent out with a mine of twenty-five pounds of gelatine. This was dropped in the harbor, and the launch was sent on out of the way, being stopped, backed, sent to port and starboard at will. Then, when the launch was at a safe distance, the gelatine was exploded by electricity, the large volume of water going to a great height, while mud was brought from the bottom of the harbor in large quantities and hundreds of small fish were left floating on the surface of the water by the force of the explosion. The launch was then brought ashore by the same device and the experiment was pronounced a grand success.

A round of receptions, dinners, breakfasts, balls and other festivities followed during the remainder of the President's stay, among the most notable being a ball given by Commodore and Mrs. Baldwin, and a breakfast by W. W. Astor, the new Minister to Italy. The President was entertained one day at a basket picnic at the Balch Place, which is beautifully situated on Easton's Point, two miles from the city, and commanding a lovely view of the ocean, Sachuest Beach, Hanging Rocks, and the picturesque landscape beyond. Another day he attended the fox hunt, where his son got one of the pads. Everywhere he made an excellent impression upon all who came in contact with him, while on his part the visit was full of pleasure and relief from the wear of White House duties.

#### THE AMERICAN TEAM IN THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MATCH.

THE interest of sportsmen throughout the country is now largely centred upon the International Military Match which is to take place on the Creedmoor range, September 14th and 15th, between a team selected from our National Guardsmen and twelve picked British volunteers. The American team is composed of the men who made the best scores among twenty-three contestants in four days' competitive shooting at Creedmoor about the middle of August, and who since that time have been busily engaged in practicing for the contest. In this work they have enjoyed the benefit of the services of Colonel John Bodine, their captain, and of that veteran rifleman, Ransom Rathbone, "the Modoc of the American team at long range," as he has been styled, both of whom have acted as coaches. Mr. Rathbone enters into the spirit of the occasion with an enthusiasm which renders him oblivious to everything except the work of the team, and he makes an interesting and picturesque figure as he sits on a camp-stool, resting his head on his hands and his arms on his knees, gazing intently at the targets. Some changes have been made in the methods of shooting at the long ranges, half a dozen of the team having experimented in firing in the second stage as they do at the mid-ranges, lying prone with their heads towards the target—the old military position. The favorite attitude of long-range shooters, since Colonel Fulton set the fashion eight years ago, is lying upon the back, with the left hand grasping the stock behind the head, the barrel resting between the knees. The position has several variations represented by the team. For instance, one of the men places the butt of the weapon to his shoulder and grasps the stock with his left hand in front, about six inches from the butt; while another uses his left hand wholly to support his head. Still another places the stock with its side against the side of the neck, while the left hand, which grasps the butt, steadies the rifle and supports the rifleman's head at the same time.

The captain of the team, Colonel Bodine, has long been known on the Creedmoor range as "Old Reliable." Colonel Bodine was born in Ulster County, N. Y., in 1825, of an old Huguenot family. He has all his life been a National Guardsman, serving long with the Ninety-second Regiment, and being now a supernumerary staff officer of the Fifth Division. For nearly

forty years he has been accustomed to wield a rifle for sport, but his target practice dates back to 1871. He shot on the team of 1874 at Creedmoor, of 1875 at Dollymount, Ireland, and again in 1876 in the great match for the "Palma." He was also captain of the team which beat the riflemen of Ireland at Dollymount in 1880.

The team numbers fourteen, two of whom will act as reserves. Of the fourteen, New York State supplies nine, five coming from the city and one from Brooklyn; New Jersey and Pennsylvania give two each, and Massachusetts furnishes one. Sergeant A. B. Van Heusen is forty-two years old, and was born at Greenbush, N. Y. He joined the Tenth Regiment at Albany in 1861, and served in Louisiana with the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Volunteers during the war. He is now connected with the Twelfth Regiment of this city. He has won many individual prizes and has besides been four times a member of the State team in the Inter-State and three times in the Hilton Shield competitions. This is his first year at long range.

Sergeant T. J. Dolan belongs to the Twelfth New York Regiment, having joined in 1873. He was born in New York city in 1852 and still resides there. He began to shoot in 1873 as a member of the regimental team with Messrs. Gildersleeve and Fulton. He has been on it every year since, and has besides been on both State teams every year. He won the long range military championship last year, and has taken numerous other prizes.

Private L. C. Irlam comes from Ilion, N. Y., where he was born in 1855, and where he joined the Thirty-first Separate Company over two years ago. He has been shooting about three years.

Captain T. W. Griffith was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1845. He lives in Hoboken, and has been in the Ninth New Jersey since 1875. He has been on all the teams of his State, and holds its champion marksman's badge.

Sergeant J. L. Paulding was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1836, and joined the Twelfth New York in 1878. He has been shooting since 1877; has frequently been on the regimental team, and won the Military Championship second prize at Creedmoor in 1880 and first prize in 1881.

Frederick Alder, a private in the Seventh since 1879, was born in London, England, in 1847. He has been fifteen years in America and ten in New York city. He is a member of the New York Rifle Club, and has long been known as a steady shot.

Private M. D. Hinds lives near Binghamton, N. Y., where he was born forty-five years ago. He joined the Twentieth Separate Company three years ago, and has shot in teams at Creedmoor every year since 1876, showing great skill.

Private D. H. Ogden also comes from Binghamton. He was born there in 1841, and joined the National Guard five years ago. He began to shoot in 1877, and was on the State teams in 1878, 1879 and 1881.

Private John Smith, of the Ninth New Jersey, has been in America only five years, having been born in Denbighshire, Wales, in 1847. He belonged to the Shropshire Volunteers, and for twelve consecutive years shot at Wimbledon with great success. He won the Wimbledon Cup there with nine bull's-eyes and a centre at 200 yards, was in the "Queen's Sixty" twice, and holds St. George's badge, the medal of the British N. R. A., and twenty-one other prizes.

Captain D. R. Atkinson, of Honesdale, Pa., was born in that State in 1850, and has been in the Pennsylvania National Guard since 1878. He began to shoot in 1879, and has done much good work as a member of the State team and otherwise.

Private C. W. Hinman, of the first Massachusetts, was born in Vermont in 1849, and lives in Boston. He is a chemist by profession. He has been shooting about three years, but only lately took up long-range work.

Sergeant J. McNevin, Brooklyn's only representative, was born in 1847, and has served in several regiments, but has been in the Thirtieth since 1870. He began to shoot only last year, but has taken numerous prizes.

Sergeant N. D. Ward, of the Ninth New York, was born in Westchester County in 1835. He was appointed to his present position by James Fisk, Jr., in 1870. He has been shooting since 1875, and has considerable team experience.

Major E. O. Shakespeare is an ophthalmic surgeon resident in Philadelphia. He was born in Delaware in 1838. He holds his commission on General Hartman's staff since September, 1880. He shoots on Stockton range and has won many prizes.

#### CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

THE Twelfth Conclave of the Knights of Pythias, and Session of the Supreme Lodge, recently held in Detroit, was an occasion of great interest to the Order. Divisions were present from Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities, and representatives from all over the United States and Canada. The membership of the Order is said to number some 200,000. A grand parade was held on Tuesday, the 22d ult., when several thousand Knights, the Fourteenth Ohio State Guard, and a number of companies of the Michigan State Guard appeared in line, making probably the finest pageant ever seen in Detroit.

On Wednesday, the 23d, a prize drill took place on Belle Isle, and on Thursday an excursion to the Lake Erie Islands. Many visitors remained through the week to enjoy the pleasant breezes of the beautiful City of the Straits. The Supreme Lodge of the world remained in session for ten days.

#### An Ivory Famine Threatened.

ACCORDING to the London Engineer, it is not unlikely that ivory will soon become so scarce that its use in the shape of pianoforte-keys, knife-handles and fans will be reserved for the affluent. The rapid advances in the value of ivory are causing uneasiness in the London market. At the last quarterly sale there were only eighty-one tons offered—including ten tons withdrawn from previous auctions—as against 122 tons offered in April, 1881. The falling-off was mainly owing to the continued scarcity of Cape—one and a half tons—and the limited supply of West Coast African—eleven tons. From Zanzibar and Bombay there were thirty-three tons, twenty-four tons from Alexandria, and nine tons from Malta. All descriptions, except for billiard-ball purposes, have gone up from \$15 to \$20 per cwt., and the ivory-cutters have resolved for the second time this year to raise their prices. The stores in the docks this year amount to 133 tons, compared with 213 tons for the corresponding period of last year. Mr. W. Wostenholme, Sheffield, recently had involved to him no fewer than 522 tusks, which he expected would all be cleared out in a fortnight. These tusks represent 276 elephants, and if one ivory-cutter alone can get through so many in so short a time, there is some fear of the elephant being relegated to the lost species of animals.

#### Co-operative Stores in England.

THE Rochdale plan of co-operative stores, which divides the profits among the purchasers instead of shareholders, is successful in England. In the aggregate these establishments divided last year nearly ten per cent. on the gross amount of their sales. This is equal to sixty per cent. on the share capital—a much larger ratio than the private dealer realizes, the greater profit arising from the fact that the co-operative stores are not required to go to any expense to get or retain custom, and that their business is so regular that they need suffer very little from dead stock. In 1861 there were 150 Eng-

lish societies, with 48,184 members, doing an annual trade amounting to about seven and a half million dollars. In ten years the number of members and sales increased fivefold, and the capital was nearly doubled. In the next decade the membership doubled, the capital increased threefold, and the sales to more than half a million members amounted in 1880 to \$100,000,000. These are the figures given in returns to the Government of actual business. Scotland has a large number of societies in proportion to its population, but they do not seem to flourish in Ireland. Indeed, it is only in certain parts of England that they reach their highest development in communities where the members are well known to each other. The Parliamentary return shows that counties where co-operation prevails have the smallest percentage of pauperism. Experiments in this country have not met with much encouragement, except in Philadelphia.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Exposition at Trieste.

Trieste is now holding an Exposition, as the best means of commemorating the five hundredth anniversary of its union to Austria, an event dating back to 1382. It opened on the 1st of August and will close on the 15th of November. The site selected for the buildings—or La Mostra, as it is styled—is at the foot of the hill of San Andrea, extending along the seashore beyond the Campo Marzio. The ground selected proved too circumscribed, more ground was filled and the structure extended. The Exposition has at its head an Executive Committee presided over by Signor Carlo Corad Reinet, President of the Chamber of Commerce. The buildings were erected after the plans of Engineer Berlam. There are four main buildings; the first, with an imposing facade and spacious court. The gallery in the middle is three hundred metres in length and thirty high. This building contains maritime contributions and the products of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The second building is intended for the use of the Emperor of Austria, and is elegantly fitted up. It can be entered from the sea or from the land side. A great gallery and an area of 18,000 square metres are found in the third edifice, which is 320 metres in length. This is devoted to the products of Austria-Hungary. This building is on the sea; while the fourth is on the slope and crown of the hill. This structure is of iron, and from its summit there is a fine view of the Adriatic and of the Venetian shores. The agricultural and mechanical display is in separate buildings, apart from the general Exposition.

##### The Moscow Exhibition.

The National Art and Industrial Exhibition, held at Moscow during the present summer, appears to have awakened a genuine interest throughout Russia. Expositions of this class being a greater novelty than in other European countries, visitors have poured into Moscow from all parts of the Empire, and the road to the Exhibition grounds have daily presented a most lively scene. All classes of society and every type of vehicle have crowded the muddy streets, each eager to reach the Exhibition first, and charging furiously at every impediment, even of a herd of cattle, which obstructed the way. The Exhibition was opened on the 1st of June, and conspicuously illustrates the progress which Russia is making in arts and manufactures.

##### The War in Egypt.

The Bedouins are expected to play an important part in the war in Egypt, and they certainly have manifested no reluctance to enter into the struggle. They have lost no opportunity to harass and annoy the British, and while they have accomplished little real mischief, they have undoubtedly occasioned their enemy a good deal of trouble and alarm. One of their earlier exploits is illustrated on page 36. On the night of the 30th of July a party of thirty mounted men attacked the centre of the British line of pickets, near Ramleh, but, on receiving a volley, wheeled round, evidently with the intention of attacking the pickets on the right. They approached within four hundred yards, but, as it was bright moonlight, they were observed and fired upon. Meanwhile another mounted party of twenty attacked the left picket, but were unsuccessful. Since that date, the Bedouins have made repeated dashes of much the same character, but never with any important results. Another of our illustrations shows the method resorted to by the English to provide water in the event of the exhaustion of the supply by the Sweet Water Canal at Alexandria. This method consisted simply in utilizing the old Roman cisterns which are still in existence, having been constructed beneath the houses for storing the supply of water with which the city was supplied by the Coptic Canal. These cisterns are in some cases very large, and have their roofs supported by rows of columns, vaulted in brick or stone. During the week Cherif Pasha, the new President of the Council, issued a circular drawing the attention of the foreign consuls at Alexandria to the immense influx of low-class population, and stating that in consequence of the scarcity of water and the lack of employment steps must be taken in order that the public security shall not be imperiled by an influx of people. Hereafter persons having no fixed occupation or visible means of subsistence will not be allowed to land. A third illustration shows the forty-pound Armstrong gun which, mounted on a railway truck attached to an armored train used in reconnoissances from Alexandria, was fired over the heads of the British troops upon Arab's position. It was fired from the truck exactly as shown, the train being loaded with marines and Naval Brigade, who worked two Gatling's, a Nordenflet and a nine-pounder, besides the forty-pound gun here depicted.

##### Monument to Arnold of Brescia, the Reformer.

Arnold of Brescia, to whose memory a monument has just been erected in the city of that name, which was his birthplace, was a religious reformer in Italy about the beginning of the twelfth century. Distinguished for scholarship and eloquence, he became conspicuous as the assailant of the wealth, luxury and worldliness of the Roman clergy, and of the secular authority of the Church, and so great was his influence upon popular opinion that he was condemned by the Council of Lateran in 1139 as a disturber of the peace, forbidden to preach and banished to Italy. There he preached successfully for some years, but a popular movement in Rome having restricted the authority of the Pope to spiritual affairs, he, in 1145, went to that city and took direction of the new movement. A reaction, however, compelled him to quit the city, and later on, in 1155, he was arrested at the instigation of Pope Adrian and executed, his body being thrown into the Tiber. He was, no doubt, one of the leaders of liberal thought in Italy, and the honor now paid to his memory shows that he made a lasting impression upon the life and history of the Italian people. The monument just erected at Brescia is surmounted by a colossal statue, in bronze, of the reformer, the alto-reliefs being also in bronze. The main part of the monument is of stone of various tints. The statue was cast by Nelli, of Rome. The entire cost of the monument was \$30,000. The inscription of the monument on the side facing the city is as follows: "To Arnold, the precursor in martyrdom of free Italian thought; his own Brescia, set free, decrees a tardy vindication. 1860." On the other face of the monument was inscribed the words: "Turgio, mindful of her guest, Rome redeemed and Italy his mother, consecrate this expiatory bronze as their united contribution. 1882."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE cholera is decreasing in Yokohama and Tokio and other points.

—ONE builder in Philadelphia is constructing no less than eight hundred buildings this year.

—AMERICAN palace cars continue to push their way in Europe, having now appeared on Italian railways.

—NEARLY a million bushels of wheat were shipped at Baltimore in one day last week for European markets.

—THE custom of having groomsmen at weddings has died out of English society. The bridegroom is attended by one best man.

—A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg says that the Siberian plague is appearing to an alarming extent in most widely separated quarters of European Russia.

—THE famous Fleet Street tavern in London, which is alive with memories of Johnson, Goldsmith and their comrades in literature, will soon be torn down.

—TEN persons in one family at Fort Washington, N. Y., contracted diphtheria by drinking from a tin dipper after it had been used by a neighbor who had the disease.

—REPORTS from Pittsburgh, Pa., indicate that the ironworkers' strike is nearly over, and that the men will soon resume work on the terms offered by the manufacturers.

—THE annual report of the wheat crop of France shows that it is excellent in twenty departments, good in forty-five, fair in eleven, poor in nine and bad in one, that of Corsica.

—THE final installment of Japan's first foreign loan contracted in England ten years ago was paid on July 31st. The foreign indebtedness is now only a few million dollars.

—A PARTY of three persons have ascended the highest peak of Mount Ararat. The summit is said to be 16,916 feet above the sea level. The snow line, however, is never lower than 11,000 feet.

—THREE beet-root sugar factories have been established in Canada, but all have proved failures, and one which was opened only a year ago has been announced for sale by the sheriff for \$100,000 liabilities.

—ANOTHER robbery by highwaymen is reported from Maine—a man who was driving in to Bangor from Milo being attacked by two knights of the road, who fired several shots at him, and finally forced him to give up his pocketbook containing nearly \$5.00.

—A CURIOUS illustration of the strength which the old superstition still maintains is afforded by the fact that one of the incoming collectors of internal revenue objected to taking possession of his office on October 1st because that date fell on Friday.

—THE growing feeling in favor of better educational facilities in Texas is illustrated by the fact that Fort Worth, a town of 12,000 people, voted last week, with but eighteen dissenters, a levy sufficient to maintain six free schools ten months in the year.

—A HALF-DOZEN desperadoes, with drawn revolvers, captured an excursion train from Toledo, O., August 28th, committed a number of daring robberies, threw one passenger from the platform, overpowered the conductor, and then all but one of them escaped.

—UNDER the supervision of Mr. Jephtha R. Simms, the historian, two small monuments were, last week, placed on the site of the old Fort Plain, which was erected in 1776, and on the site of the Block House, erected in 1781, near the village of Fort Plain, N. Y.

—THE fisheries off the Newfoundland coast are a complete failure, and the captain of a French vessel which had returned to St. John's from a fruitless trip, while talking about the voyage, suddenly exclaimed: "No fish, no food," drew a knife across his throat and fell dead.

—THE Pension Office is now adjudicating about one hundred and fifty claims a day, most of which include arrearages, and as the average amount paid to each successful claimant under the Arrears Act is \$1,200, there is a daily drain upon the Treasury of \$180,000, or over \$1,000,000 a week.

—THE provision crops of Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua have almost failed this season, and much want and suffering are being experienced. The Governments are purchasing corn and rice abroad, and abolishing all import and other duties in order to encourage operators to bring in produce.

—SOME Garibaldians from Florence and Leghorn recently resolved to go to Caprera, exhumed Garibaldi, and burn his remains, in spite of the Government prohibition. Rumors having spread of such an intention, the Government sent a man-of-war to look out for the party and keep them off Caprera.

—A GENERAL rising of the Peruvians against the Chilians had been plotted to occur July 28th, but the Chilians got wind of the matter and searched a steamer on her arrival at Callao. Full plans are said to have been discovered on some of the passengers, and, consequently, the outbreak did not occur.

—MAJOR ROGERS, locating engineer of the Canadian Pacific Road, has discovered a favorable pass for carrying the road through the Selkirk range of British Columbia, which will save the company millions of dollars. The pass is one hundred miles north of the boundary line and directly east of Kamloops.

—A LARGE deposit of iron ore has been discovered just outside the city limits of St. Paul, Minn., and all of the experts who have examined the specimens discovered are convinced that a vast body of highly magnetic and very fine iron ore has been "struck," and that future developments will place St. Paul within the important "iron-producing area" of the country.

—DURING Barnum's exhibition at Oswego, N. Y., a few days ago, Jumbo fixed his eye on a lady who was pushing her way through the crowd towards him, and, strained at his tether, endeavored to reach her. His keeper manifested great surprise, and asked if she had ever seen him before. She replied that she had often fed him nuts and candy by the hour in the London Zoological Gardens. The great brute's actions plainly showed that he recognized her.

—IN Japan extraordinary reports have appeared in the Japanese papers in relation to the cremation of the bodies of the poorer victims to the cholera. The operatives appear to have been stricken with panic and a considerable number of them forsook their work. The Government authorities finding it impossible to replace them except by men of great ignorance and questionable character, the work was neglected and scores of bodies died before they were burned, and persons still alive were thrown into the flames.

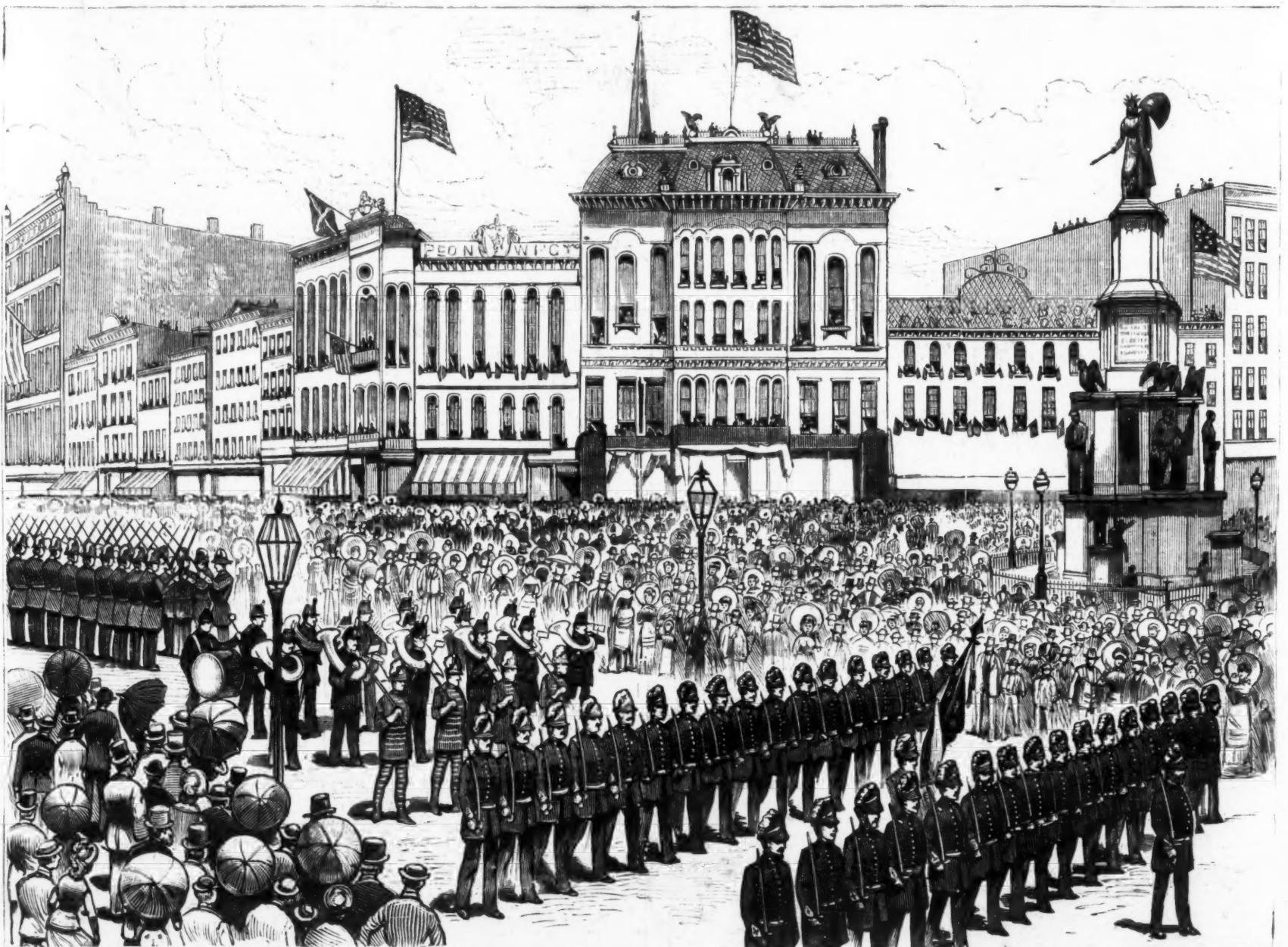
—THOMAS SMITH, a prominent mulatto resident of New Orleans, who was buried last week, had ten wives at one time, nine of whom survive him. Seven of his widows attended the funeral services, and went freely. Four of them rode to the cemetery, and after the interment returned to the late residence of the dead man, where, with the other widows, they engaged in a free fight about the property. The furniture was demolished and all the women more or less injured. Smith was married by a Baptist minister every time he chose a wife.





1. A. B. Van Heusen. 2. D. R. Atkinson. 3. I. C. Irlam. 4. N. D. Ward. 5. J. L. Paulding. 6. C. W. Hinman. 7. T. J. Dolan. 8. T. W. Griffith. 9. F. Alder. 10. E. O. Shakespeare.  
11. M. D. Hinds. 12. D. H. Ogden. 13. J. McNevin. 14. J. Smith.

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MATCH AT CREEDMOOR. — PORTRAITS OF THE AMERICAN TEAM. — SEE PAGE 39.



MICHIGAN. — PROCESSION OF KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS PASSING THE CAMPUS MARTIUS, ON WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, AUGUST 22D.  
FROM SKETCHES BY ROBERT J. WICKENDEN. — SEE PAGE 39.





THE MISFORTUNES OF OLD AGE—ON THE WAY TO THE POORHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 43.



## MY FAITH.

WHAT seemeth right I'll do,  
With hope and courage too;  
And if results shall show  
The right I did not know,  
'Twill still be right for me  
Thro' all eternity.

Disaster, pain and care  
Shall find me grounded there  
In perfect faith and trust.  
So whether broad or crust,  
Smooth sea or sailing rough,  
God knows, and that's enough.

HEART AND SCIENCE:  
A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XV.

TWO days passed. In spite of the warnings that he had received, Ovid remained in London.

The indisputable authority of Benjulia had no more effect on him than the unanswerable arguments of Mrs. Gallilee. "Recent circumstances," as his mother expressed it, "had strengthened his infatuated resistance to reason." The dreaded event of Teresa's departure had been hastened by a telegram from Italy; and Ovid felt for Carmina's distress with sympathies which made her dearer to him than ever. On the second morning after the visit to the Zoological Gardens, her fortitude had been severely tried. She had found the telegram under her pillow, inclosed in a farewell letter. Teresa had gone.

"My Carmina, I have kissed you, and cried over you—and I am writing good-by as well as my poor eyes will let me. Oh, my heart's darling, I cannot be cruel enough to wake you, and see you suffer. Forgive me for going away with only this dumb farewell. I am so fond of you—that is my only excuse. While he still lives, my helpless old man has his claim on me. Write by every post, and trust me to write back—and remember what I said when I spoke of Ovid. Love the good man who loves you; and try to make the best of the others. They cannot surely be cruel to the poor angel who depends on their kindness. Oh, how hard life is—"

The paper was blotted, and the rest was illegible.

The miserable day of Teresa's departure was passed by Carmina in the solitude of her room; gently and firmly, she refused to see any one. This strange conduct added to Mrs. Gallilee's anxieties. Already absorbed in considering Ovid's obstinacy, and the means of overcoming it, she was now confronted by a resolute side in the character of her niece, which took her by surprise. There might be difficulties to come in managing Carmina which she had not foreseen. Meanwhile, she was left to act on her own unaided discretion in the serious matter of her son's failing health. Benjulia had refused to help her; he was too closely occupied in his laboratory to pay or receive visits. "I have already given my advice" (the doctor wrote). "Send him away. When he has had a month's change, let me see his letters; and then, if I have anything more to say, I will tell you what I think of your son."

Left in this position, Mrs. Gallilee's hard self-denial yielded to the one sound conclusion that lay before her. The only influence that could now be used over Ovid with the smallest chance of success was the influence of her niece. She allowed Carmina time enough to recover after the loss of her dear old friend. Three days after Teresa's departure she invited her niece to take tea in her own boudoir. Carmina found her reading. "A charming book," she said, as she laid it down, "on a most interesting subject, Geographical Botany. The author divides the earth into twenty-five botanical regions—but I forget; you are not like Maria, you don't care about these things." "I am so ignorant," Carmina suggested. "Perhaps I may know better when I get older." A book on the table attracted her by its beautiful binding. She took it up. Mrs. Gallilee looked at her with compassionate good humor.

"Science again, my dear," she said, facetiously, "inviting you in a pretty dress. You have taken up the 'Curiosities of Coprolites.' That book is one of my distinctions—a presentation copy from the author."

"What are Coprolites?" Carmina asked, trying to inform herself on the subject of her aunt's distinctions.

Still good-humored, but with an effort that began to appear, Mrs. Gallilee lowered herself to the level of her niece.

"Coprolites," she explained, "are the fossilized indigestions of extinct reptiles. The great philosopher who has written that book has discovered scales, bones, teeth and shells—the undigested food of those interesting Saurians. What a man, what a field for investigation! Tell me about your own reading. What have you found in the library?"

"Very interesting books—at least to me," Carmina answered. "I have found many volumes of poetry. Do you ever read poetry?"

Mrs. Gallilee laid herself back in her chair, and submitted patiently to her niece's simplicity. "Poetry?" she repeated, in accents of resignation. "Oh, good heavens!"

Unlucky Carmina tried a more promising topic. "What beautiful flowers you have in the drawing-room!" she said.

"Nothing remarkable, my dear. Everybody has flowers in drawing-rooms—they are part of the furniture."

"Did you arrange them yourself, aunt?"

Mrs. Gallilee still endured it. "The florist's man," she said, "does all that. I sometimes dissect flowers, but I never trouble myself to arrange them. What would be the use of the

man if I did?" This view of the question struck Carmina dumb. Mrs. Gallilee went on. "By-the-by, talking of flowers reminds me of other superfluities. Have you tried the piano in your room? Will it do?"

"The tone is quite perfect!" Carmina answered with enthusiasm. "Did you choose it?" Mrs. Gallilee looked as if she was going to say "Good heavens" again, and perhaps to endure it no longer. Carmina was too simple to interpret these signs in the right way. Why should her aunt not choose a piano? "Don't you like music?" she asked.

Mrs. Gallilee made a last effort. "When you see a little more of society, my child, you will know that one must like music. So again with pictures—one must go to the Royal Academy Exhibition. So again—"

Before she could mention any more social sacrifices, the servant came in with a letter and stopped her.

Mrs. Gallilee looked at the address. The weary indifference of her manner changed to vivid interest, the moment she saw the handwriting. "From the Professor!" she exclaimed. "Excuse me, for one minute." She read the letter, and closed it again with a sigh of relief. "I knew it," she said to herself. "I have always maintained that the albuminoid substance of frog's eggs is insufficient (viewed as nourishment) to transform a tadpole into a frog—and, at last, the Professor owns that I am right. I beg your pardon, Carmina; I am carried away by a subject that I have been working at in my stolen intervals, for weeks past. Let me give you some tea. I have asked Miss Minerva to join us. What is keeping her. I wonder? She is usually so punctual. I suppose Zoe has been behaving badly again."

In a few minutes more the governess herself confirmed this maternal forewarning of the truth. Zoe had declined to commit to memory "the political consequences of the granting of Magna Charta"—and now stood reserved for punishment, when her mother "had time to attend to it." Mrs. Gallilee at once disposed of this little responsibility. "Read and water for tea," she said, and proceeded to the business of the evening.

"I wish to speak to you both," she began, "on the subject of my son."

The two persons addressed waited in silence to hear more. Carmina's head drooped; she looked down. Miss Minerva attentively observed Mrs. Gallilee. "Why am I invited to hear what she has to say about her son?" was the question which occurred to the governess. "Is she afraid that Carmina might tell me about it, if I was not let into the family secrets?"

Admirably reasoned, and correctly guessed! Mrs. Gallilee had latterly observed that the governess was insinuating herself into the confidence of her niece—that is to say, into the confidence of a young lady, whose father was generally reported to have died in possession of a handsome fortune. To check the further growth of a friendship of this sort (without openly offending Miss Minerva) was an imperative duty. Mrs. Gallilee saw her way to the discreet accomplishment of that object. Her niece and her governess were interested—diversely interested—in Ovid. If she invited them both together, to consult with her on the delicate subject of her son, there would be every chance of exciting some difference of opinion, sufficiently irritating to begin the process of estrangement, by keeping them apart when they had left the tea-table.

"It is most important that there should be no misunderstanding among us," Mrs. Gallilee proceeded. "Let me set the example of speaking without reserve. We all three know that Ovid persists in remaining in London—"

She paused on the point of finishing the sentence. Although she had converted a professor, Mrs. Gallilee was still only a woman. There did enter into her other calculations the possibility of exciting some interesting betrayal of her governess's passion for her son. On alluding to Ovid, she turned suddenly to Miss Minerva. "I am sure you will excuse my troubling you with family anxieties," she said—on the watch for some change of color, or some trembling at the lips.

It was cleverly done; but it labored under one disadvantage. Miss Minerva had no idea of what the needless apology meant, having no suspicion of the discovery of her secret by her employer. But to feel herself baffled in trying to penetrate Mrs. Gallilee's motives was enough, of itself, to put Mrs. Gallilee's governess on her guard for the rest of the evening.

"You honor me, madam, by admitting me to your confidence"—was what she said. "Trip me up, you cat, if you can!"—was what she thought.

Mrs. Gallilee resumed: "We know that Ovid persists in remaining in London, when change of air and scene are absolutely necessary to the recovery of his health. And we know why. Carmina, my child, don't think for a moment that I blame you!—don't even suppose that I blame my son. You are too charming a person not to excuse, nay even to justify, any man's admiration. But let us (as we hard old people say) look the facts in the face. If Ovid had not seen you, he would be now on the health-giving sea, on his way to Spain and Italy. You are the innocent cause of his obstinate indifference, his most deplorable and dangerous disregard of the duty which he owes to himself. He refuses to listen to his mother; he sets the opinion of his skilled medical colleague at defiance. But one person has any influence over him now." She paused again, and tried to trip up the governess once more. "Miss Minerva, let me appeal to you. I regard you as a member of our family; I have the sincerest admiration of your tact and good sense. Am I exceeding the limits of delicacy, if I say plainly to my niece, Persuade Ovid to go?"

If Carmina had possessed an elder sister, with a plain personal appearance and an easy conscience, not even that sister could have

matched the perfect composure with which Miss Minerva replied:

"I don't possess your happy faculty of expressing yourself, Mrs. Gallilee. But, if I had been in your place, I should have said to the best of my poor ability exactly what you have said now." She bent her head with a graceful gesture of respect, and looked at Carmina with a gentle sisterly interest while she stirred her tea.

At the very opening of the skirmish, Mrs. Gallilee was defeated. She had failed to provoke the slightest sign of jealousy, or even of ill temper. Unquestionably the hardest and the falsest woman of the two—possessing the most dangerously deceitful manner, and the most mischievous readiness of language—she was, nevertheless, Miss Minerva's inferior, in the one supreme capacity of which they both stood in need, the capacity of self-restraint.

She showed this inferiority on expressing her thanks. The underlying malice broke through the smooth surface that was intended to hide it. "I am apt to doubt myself," she said; "and such sound encouragement as yours always relieves me. Of course, I don't ask you for more than a word of advice. Of course I don't expect you to persuade Ovid."

"Of course not!" Miss Minerva agreed. "May I ask for a little more sugar in my tea?" Mrs. Gallilee turned to Carmina.

"Well, my dear! I have spoken to you, as I might have spoken to one of my own daughters, if she had been of your age. Tell me frankly, in return, whether I may count on your help."

Still pale and downcast, Carmina obeyed. "I will do my best, if you wish it. But—"

"Yes! Go on."

She still hesitated. Mrs. Gallilee tried gentle remonstrance. "My child, surely you are not afraid of me?"

She was certainly afraid. But she controlled herself.

"You are Ovid's mother, and I am only his cousin," she resumed. "I don't like to hear you say that my influence over him is greater than yours."

It was far from the poor girl's intention; but there was an implied rebuke in this. In her present state of irritation, Mrs. Gallilee felt it.

"Come, come!" she said. "Don't affect to be ignorant, my dear, of what you know perfectly well."

Carmina lifted her head. For the first time in the experience of the two elder women, this gentle creature showed that she could resent an insult. The fine spirit that was in her fired her eyes, and fixed them firmly on her aunt.

"Do you accuse me of deceit?" she asked.

"Let us call it false modesty," Mrs. Gallilee retorted.

Carmina rose without another word, and walked out of the room.

In the extremity of her surprise, Mrs. Gallilee appealed to Miss Minerva. "Is she in a passion?"

"She didn't bang the door," the governess quietly remarked.

"I am not joking, Miss Minerva."

"I am not joking either, madam."

The tone of that answer implied an uncompromising assertion of equality. You are not to suppose (it said) that a lady drops below your level, because she receives a salary and teaches your children. Mrs. Gallilee was so angry by this time that she forgot the importance of preventing a conference between Miss Minerva and her niece. For once, she was a creature of impulse—the overpowering impulse to dismiss her insolent governess from her hospitable table.

"May I offer you another cup of tea?"

"Thank you—no more. May I return to my pupils?"

"By all means!"

Carmina had not been five minutes in her own room before she heard a knock at her door. Had Mrs. Gallilee followed her? "Who is there?" she asked. And a voice outside answered:

"Only Miss Minerva!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

"I AM afraid I have startled you!" said the governess, carefully closing the door.

"I was a little frightened," Carmina answered as simply as a child, "I thought it was my aunt."

"Have you been crying?"

"I couldn't help it, Miss Minerva."

"Mrs. Gallilee spoke cruelly to you—I don't wonder at your feeling angry."

Carmina gently shook her head. "I have been crying," she exclaimed, "because I am sorry and ashamed. How can I make it up with my aunt? Shall I go back at once and beg her pardon? I think you are my friend, Miss Minerva. Will you advise me?"

It was so prettily and innocently said that even the governess was touched—for the moment. "Shall I prove to you that I am your friend?" she proposed. "I advise you not to go back yet to your aunt—and I will tell you why. Mrs. Gallilee bears malice; she is a thoroughly unforgiving woman. And I should be the first to feel it, if she knew what I have just said to you."

"Oh, Miss Minerva! you don't think that I would betray your confidence?"

"No, my dear, I don't. I felt attracted towards you, when we first met. You didn't return the feeling—you (very naturally) disliked me. I am ugly and ill-tempered; and, if there is anything good in me, it doesn't show itself on the surface. Yes—yes! I believe you are getting over your first prejudices; I believe you are beginning to understand me. If I can make your life here a little happier, as time goes on, I shall be only too glad to do it." She put her long yellow hands on either side of Carmina's head and kissed her forehead.

The poor child threw her arms round Miss Minerva's neck, and cried her heart out on the bosom of the woman who was deceiving her.

"I have nobody left, now Teresa has gone," she said. "Oh, do try to be kind to me—I feel so friendless and so lonely!"

Miss Minerva neither moved nor spoke. She waited, and let the girl cry.

Her hard black eyebrows gathered into a frown; her sallow face deepened in color. She was in a state of rebellion against herself. Through all the hardening influences of the woman's life—through the iron fortifications against good which evil builds round a bad nature—that innocent outburst of trust and grief had broken its way: and purified for a while the fetid inner darkness with divine light. She had entered the room, with her own base interests to serve. In her small, sordid way, she, like her employer, was persecuted by debts—miserable debts to sellers of expensive washes, which might render her ugly complexion more passable in Ovid's eyes; to makers of costly gloves, which might show Ovid the shape of her hands, and hide their color; to skilled workmen in fine leather, who could tempt Ovid to look at her high instep, and her fine ankle—the only beauties that she could reveal to the only man whom she cared to please. For a time those importunate creditors ceased to threaten her. For the time, what she had heard in the conservatory while they were reading the will lost its tempting influence. She remained in the room for half an hour or more—and she left it without having borrowed a farthing.

"Are you easier now?"

"Yes, dear."

She dried her eyes, and looked shyly at Miss Minerva. "I have been treating you as if I had a sister," she said; "you don't think me too familiar, I hope?"

"I wish I was your sister, God knows!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she was frightened at her own fervor. "Shall I tell you what to do with Mrs. Gallilee?" she said, abruptly. "Write her a little note."

"Yes, yes; and will you take it for me?"

Carmina's eyes brightened through her tears, the suggestion was such a relief! In a minute, the note was written: "My dear aunt—I have behaved very badly, and I am very much ashamed of it. May I trust to your indulgence to forgive me? I will try to be worthy of your kindness for the future; and I sincerely beg your pardon." She signed her name in breathless haste. "Please take it at once!" she said, eagerly.

Miss Minerva smiled. "If I take it," she said, "I shall do harm instead of good—I shall be accused of interfering. Give it to one of the servants. Not yet! When Mrs. Gallilee is angry, she doesn't get over it so soon as you seem to think. Leave her to dabble in science first," said the governess in tones of immeasurable contempt. "When she has half stifled herself with some filthy smell, or dissected some wretched insect or flower, she may be in a better humor. Wait."

Carmina thought of the happy days at home in Italy, when her father used to laugh at her little outbreaks of temper, and good Teresa only shrugged her shoulders. What a change—oh, me, what a change for the worse! She drew from her bosom a locket, hung round her neck by a thin gold chain—and opened it, and kissed the glass over the miniature portraits inside. "Would you like to see them?" she said to Miss Minerva. "My mother's likeness was painted for me by my father; and then he had his photograph taken to match it. I open my portraits and look at them, while I say my prayers. It's almost like having them alive again, sometimes. Oh, if I only had my father to advise me now—!" Her heart swelled—but she kept back the tears; she was learning that self-restraint, poor soul, already! "Perhaps," she went on, "I ought not to want advice. After that fainting-fit in the gardens, if I can persuade Ovid to leave us, I ought to do it—and I will do it!"

Miss Minerva crossed the room and looked out of window. Carmina had roused the dormant jealousy; Carmina had fatally weakened the good influences which she had herself produced. The sudden silence of her new friend perplexed her. She, too, went to the window. "Do you see any objection?" she asked.

"No."

A short answer—and still looking out of window! Carmina tried again. "Besides, there are my aunt's wishes to consider. After my bad behavior—"

Miss Minerva turned round from the window sharply. "Of course! There can't be a doubt of it." Her tone softened a little. "You are young, Carmina—I suppose I may call you by your name—you are young and simple. Do those innocent eyes of yours ever see below the surface?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"Do you think your aunt's only motive in wishing Mr. Ovid Vere to leave London is anxiety about his health? Do you feel no suspicion that she wants to keep him away from you?"

Carmina toyed with her locket in an embarrassment which she was quite unable to disguise. "Are you afraid to trust me?" Miss Minerva asked. That reproach instantly opened the girl's lips.

"I am afraid to tell you how foolish I am," she answered. "Perhaps, I still feel a little strangeness between us? It seems to be so formal to call you Miss Minerva. I don't know what your Christian name is. Will you tell me?"

Miss Minerva replied, rather unwillingly. "My name is Frances. Don't call me Fanny!"

"Why not?"

"Because it's too absurd to be endured! What does the mere sound of Fanny suggest? A flirting, dancing creature—plump and fair, and playful and pretty!" She went to the looking-glass, and pointed disdainfully to the reflection of herself. "Sickening to think of," she said, "when you look at that. Call me Frances—a man's name, with only the difference between an *and* an *e*. No sentiment in



it: hard, like me. Well, what was it you didn't like to say of yourself?"

Carmina dropped her voice to a whisper. "It's no use asking me what I do see, or don't see, in my aunt," she answered. "I am afraid we shall never be—what we ought to be to each other. When she came to that concert, and sat by me and looked at me—" She stopped, and shuddered over the recollection of it.

Miss Minerva urged her to go on—first, by a gesture; then by a suggestion: "They said you fainted under the heat."

"I didn't feel the heat. I felt a horrid creeping all over me. Before I looked at her mind!—when I only knew that somebody was sitting next to me. And then, I did look round. Her eyes and my eyes flashed into each other. In that one moment I lost all sense of myself as if I was dead. I can only tell you of it in that way. It was a dreadful surprise to me to remember it—and a dreadful pain, when they brought me to myself again. Though I do look so little and so weak, I am stronger than people think; I never faint before. My aunt is—how can I say it properly?—hard to get on with since that time. Is there something wicked in my nature? I do believe she feels in the same way towards me. Yes; I dare say it's imagination, but it's as bad as reality for all that. Oh, I am sure you are right—she does want to keep Ovid out of my way!"

"Because she doesn't like you?" said Miss Minerva. "Is that the only reason you can think of?"

"What other reason can there be?"

The governess summoned her utmost power of self-restraint. She needed it, even to speak of the bare possibility of Carmina's marriage to Ovid, as if it was only a matter of speculative interest to herself.

"Some people object to marriages between cousins," she said. "You are cousins. Some people object to marriages between Catholics and Protestants. You are a Catholic—"

No! She could not trust herself to refer to him directly; she went on to the next sentence. "And there might be some other reason," she resumed.

"Do you know what it is?" Carmina asked. "No more than you do—thus far."

She spoke the plain truth. Thanks to the dog's interruption, and to the necessity of saving herself from discovery, the last clauses of the will had been read in her absence.

"Can't you even guess what it is?" Carmina persisted.

"Mrs. Gallilee is very ambitious," the governess replied, "and her son has a fortune of his own. She may wish him to marry a lady of high rank. But—no—she is so fond of money, I fancy money must be concerned in it."

"How?" Carmina asked.

Miss Minerva paused, apparently expecting her young friend to say something more. Carmina said nothing more. Miss Minerva answered coldly, "I don't know."

Before the conversation could proceed they were interrupted by the appearance of the parlor-maid with a message from the school-room. Miss Maria wanted a little help in her Latin lesson. Noticing Carmina's letter as she advanced to the door, it struck Miss Minerva that the woman might deliver it. "Is Mrs. Gallilee at home?" she asked. Mrs. Gallilee had just gone out. "One of her scientific lectures, I suppose," said Miss Minerva to Carmina. "Your note must wait till she comes back."

The door closed on the governess—and the parlor-maid took a liberty. She remained in the room, and produced a morsel of folded paper, hitherto concealed from view. Smirking and smiling, she handed the paper to Carmina.

"From Mr. Ovid, miss."

(To be continued.)

# THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN EGYPT.

THE topography of Egypt is simpler to describe than that of almost any other country which from time to time figures in the daily history of the globe. We have in this land, so little changed physically and in its domestic institutions since the period of Herodotus, a section of territory extending from the Mediterranean to the Equator, bounded on the East by the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; on the south with no definite limits; on the west the dreary desert alone. There are no mountains in Egypt worthy of the name, and even when one is on the waters of the Victoria Nyanza in the great basin of the Nile, whence that river takes its major source, the elevation is but 3,800 feet above the level of the sea. As the Nile descends to Lower Egypt but few volcanic elevations are seen, and they may be found in what is known as the Gennef Range, stretching away to the westward of Suez and terminating at Cairo, in the imposing hill upon which is built the citadel and where rest the ashes of Mahomet Ali. The immediate theatre of the contending armies is a section of the Delta lying to westward of the Suez Canal. Of that region lying to northward of the Cairo and Suez Railway two-thirds of the territory is under cultivation and one-third is desert, and there is no break in the uniformity of its surface save in the Gennef Range already mentioned. The desert over which Sir Garnet Wolseley has been moving with his infantry, cavalry and artillery trains is typical of the arid wastes which make up the greater portion of the area of Northern Africa. The subsoil of the desert (many believing otherwise) is not without nourishing properties, and it is probable that areas which in our day are theatres of the beating and billowing sands, were once under high cultivation, affording plenty to prosperous peoples. Even now, when such a phenomenal occurrence as a rainstorm bursts over Lower Egypt, an astonishing growth of grass will spring up in a single day, and the vast molar ocean of misty brown changes to the hue of the emerald sea. Yet life in the desert, even with the finest military equipment, does not promise well for one unused to its many debilitating consequences. For instance, there is a change of over fifty degrees Fahrenheit between the midday and midnight temperature, and the traveler, dripping with perspiration at midday, is at starlight only too glad to wrap himself up in a woolen blanket. The writer, who has spent a considerable period in several African deserts, never dressed more warmly in the most northern latitudes than in Central Africa under the broiling sun of the day, where the hair, moustache and eyebrows are singed and burned blond by the fierce rays which also make the lips crack, the shoes shrink painfully

about the feet, and sometimes penetrate the clothing until the skin peels and the body suffers agonizing tortures. Every judicious traveler in crossing the desert wears about the abdomen, wound round and round, a silk sash, a yard in width and at least eighteen feet in length, to keep that portion of the frame in an even temperature, without which dire consequences even to death by the pernicious fever may ensue. The most uncomfortable and permanent disorder one may contract in this transit of any of these African deserts is ophthalmia, the national disease of Lower Egypt. This arises from the deposit of infinitesimally fine particles of sand in the membrane of the eye, which, producing a chronic irritation, and, finally, by their minuteness and tendency to lodge in inaccessible places, defies the oculist and doom the sufferer often to lasting blindness. The green goggles worn by the British soldiery are, in fact, no protection against this affliction, because the ever present particles drift through even such eye-glasses as these. Goggles are worn chiefly to protect the eye from the glare of the sand, which is quite as much to impair the vision as the great snow plains of Siberia. Another dangerous feature besides those named—embracing, of course, sunstroke—in campaigning in the desert, is the tendency towards the breeding of epidemic among masses of men. This is particularly true of the pilgrims who annually move over the desert—now swarming with hostile battalions—bound on their pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. From time immemorial they have been the carriers of pestilence to the Red Sea, whence it has been taken by the ocean highways to Europe, appearing in the great cities and capitals in the varying forms of Asiatic cholera. If added to the uncleanliness of these nomadic followers of Islam, the poisonous effluvia of the desert and Delta battlefields be considered, there may arise before the dawn of Winter one of the gravest sanitary problems which has perplexed the quarantine authorities of the Mediterranean for many a long year. Nor does the approach of Sir Garnet Wolseley's command to the cultivated regions of the Delta, beginning about ten miles to westward of Tel-el-Kebir, promise immunity from the general unhealthiness of the campaign. In this agricultural region, with the disturbances of the mechanism regulating the artificial irrigation, the decay of unwatered vegetation, the consequent loading of the atmosphere with a deadly poison taken into the lungs, and thence into the blood, ultimately to manifest itself in a consuming fever—no one can foresee which will be the most relentless foe of the English troops, powder or disease.

Tel-el-Kebir, situated about midway between Zagazig, the converging point of four railways, and, strategically, the key to the campaign, is just on the confines of the cultivated portion of the Delta, and on the railway from Ismailia to the junction with the Cairo and Alexandria Railway. The place itself is unimportant, and is simply the ordinary Egyptian village, with mud huts, palm groves, and neatly cultivated gardens. Zagazig, however, in some respects, is a city of great magnitude in the present crisis, as it is the railroad capital of the country, the chief cotton mart of Egypt, and a well-appointed depot for all sorts of supplies incident to railway transportation. Zagazig contains a heterogeneous population of some 40,000 souls, although these figures fluctuate considerably, being chiefly determined by the prosperity of the outlying country. Greeks, Italians, Syrians, in fact all classes of the lowest type of Levantines, through its places of business, while the *cafés chantants*, the dance halls, the hasheneh "dives," and other places of lower dissipation, flourish in the prominent quarters. The Greek merchants of Zagazig, as elsewhere in the larger cities of the Delta, have the monopoly of the best business opportunities, for they have abundant capital, and can out-bid the keenest Israelite who ever attempted trade in the Egyptian markets. It is curious that Jews, as merchants, have never found a happy hunting ground in Egypt.

With the capture and occupation of Zagazig expires the last well-founded hope of Arabi; for then the English command all the several terminal points of importance, except Cairo. Arabi, when forced to retire, can retreat only into the neighboring pashalics, which movement will involve in trouble another vassal of the Porte. Retreat to the Soudan is too desperate a measure for a wise commander to undertake, and it could only end in disaster and the final dispersion of his forces.

The field of operations, after the English reach the productive regions of the Delta, will be in the very midst of the thickly-settled fellahene population. They dwell in small villages, in general equal and poverty, more familiar with the armed tax-gatherer than any other quality of visitor. Lane, the author of "The Modern Egyptians," estimated this people, embracing, of course, the Levantines, Soudanese and Arabs (Bedouins) in 1834, as low as 2,000,000. But now, in 1882, the statistics claim a population of over 6,000,000. This has come about from the large inflow from Arabia, Syria, Tripoli and the Soudan, caused by the extensive internal improvements made since the time of Mahomet Ali; and the construction of the ninety-six miles of the Suez Canal, the administration of which affords support to thousands of men. Along this waterway have grown up thriving villages which are found frequently figuring in the dispatches. Commencing from Suez, the first village of importance on the Canal is Shalouf, where the recent engagement took place, forcing the Egyptian forces to retire into the Gennef Mountains. It is along this line of operations, almost on a parallel of latitude between Suez and Cairo, that the Indian contingent are expected to act in turning the Egyptian position at Cairo and surrounding its famous citadel. It is but four marches from Suez to the train and troops are not far from the sea. To the westward of Shalouf are Toussoum and Sarapnue, Ismailia, Kantarah and Port Said. Kantarah is situated at a point where the arable land and the Desert join, and thence, doubtless, an expeditionary force will be sent to co-operate with the troops confronting the Egyptians at Kafr-el-Dwar.

All aspects of this very simple campaign present an exceedingly interesting study, and the fighting, if the Egyptians can be made to stand to their guns in the face of the picked soldiery of England, will probably be very dramatic. How far they can be inspired by race pride and religious enthusiasm there has been thus far in the present conflict no means of estimating; but the average Egyptian does not love to die for his country. Even the mountaineers of Abyssinia have put them to flight several times within the last ten years, and that, too, without the aid of breech-loaders, *mitrailleurs* and revolving ordnance. The negro troops, recruited from the black tribes of the Soudan, who have been accustomed to war with poisoned spears, ironwood clubs, and all manner of blunt barbaric and metallic instruments of death and torture, are, however, men who fight to the last gasp. The English will find them no mean foes. Many a time in the Soudan have they put the trained Egyptians *hors de combat*, and when impressed into the Government service, they have been relied upon to quell insurrections when every other force proved inefficient. There was, several years ago, a coal-black negro—Adam Pasha—who was commander-in-chief of these negro troops. Himself once a slave, captured from his tribe as a boy and sold into the army, he rose by his intelligence and fighting qualities until he was the most successful chieftain of Central Africa, embracing an area larger than the German Empire, where warfare is the daily pastime and not a flitting gust as in Europe. Many thousands of these soldiers are in Arabi's command, and they will, doubtless, be heard from.

It should be mentioned, too, that Egypt has been preparing for war for fifteen years; that her coast-wise and internal fortifications have been constructed under American or European supervision; that she has men like Remington and Hotchkiss have furnished her with arms; that she has native military schools and arsenals, and has had some of the best of American military talent to organize her armies and instruct her rank and file; that she has over 500,000 stand of arms, adequate artillery, and

the possession of the brute and railway transportation of the Delta, and the important command of the water supply of the Delta as well. If with these advantages, fighting on their own soil, the 6,000,000 of Egyptians, who should be able to arm 200,000 men, cannot make a respectable resistance in their narrow area against 50,000 men, Islam has fallen low indeed.

## ON THE WAY TO THE POORHOUSE.

THE poorhouse is at once one of the most beneficent and the most melancholy institutions maintained at the public expense. Beneficent, because its existence insures the support of those unfortunate who have found the struggle with the world too hard for them, and who, if left to shift for themselves, as they are in barbarous communities, would be doomed to suffering that could only be ended by death. Melancholy, because the almshouse marks the wretched end of so many bright hopes and fond dreams of prosperity. Melancholy, too, because its shelter, although the best which hard fortune has left open for many a struggling soul, yet carries with it an only half-defined yet clearly felt implication of disgrace. Especially is this true in the case of the hard-working man or woman whose pride it has always been to avoid the necessity of asking anybody for assistance in the effort to earn a living. Most true of all, in the case of the old man who, after a lifetime of industry and comparative prosperity, has fallen into misfortune in his declining years, and at last awakes to find that his old friends have died, or, worse still, forgotten him; that the roof which has so long sheltered him has been sold over his head, and that there is nothing before him but the cold world, with which he has not strength enough to attempt a fresh struggle. To so proud a soul—and such a soul may be found in many a weather-beaten frame—the prospect of longer life as an object of public charity seems scarcely preferable to death, and it is with a gloomy spirit that the old man finally directs his steps towards the poorhouse. At last the building comes within view, and he pauses by the wayside to indulge in the melancholy reflections which the sight of such an apology for a home must arouse at an age when the comforts of one's own fireside are most dear. Our illustration brings the scene graphically before the eye of the reader.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. Bouley has disapproved the common prejudice that frozen meat putrefies immediately after thawing.

It has lately been proposed to occupy the foyers of the Parisian theatres as galleries of works of art, the contents to be changed every three months. This was attempted at St. James's Theatre in London a few years ago.

The Museum at Bucharest having been found insufficient to contain its constantly increasing treasures, among which those of Roman origin are eminent, a million of francs has been voted by the Roumanian Chamber for the enlargement of the building.

The Recent Experiments by Belgian electricians in extending telephony promise to be of great practical value. Talking was carried on very successfully between Brussels and Dover, a distance of sixty miles of submarine wire, as well as over three times that length of air line.

Preston Powers, the sculptor, has been exhibiting in his Summer studio at Portland, Me., his bust of President Garfield which met with so much favor in the eyes of Mrs. Garfield and her friends. A copy in clay has been made from the work, and shipped to Italy, to be copied in Carrara marble.

Professor Chavanne, as the result of several thousand measurements, calculates the average height of the entire continent of Africa to be not less than 2,150 feet. This high figure is believed to be due to the great extent of elevated plateaux in that country—Africa surpassing even Asia in this respect.

Herren Fischer and Rudolph have described to the Berlin Chemical Society a new class of coloring matters. Acetaniline acted on by chlorine of lime at a temperature of 270° cent. produces a beautiful yellow, to which the name of darantine is given. On silk fibres the color is especially brilliant, with a remarkable green fluorescence.

A New Speed Indicator, called the Strathmograph, for indicating the speed of locomotives, has been introduced on the Hanoverian railroads. By it the engineer can read from a scale the actual speed of his engine at any time, besides which a complete record of the trip is kept on a strip of paper.

Sir Curtis Lampson, a Vermonteer by birth, who is head of a great fur house, has invented a new method of utilizing electricity in preparing sealskins. The skin is "fed" over a knife-edge bar, above which is stretched a fine platinum wire, which, raised to a white heat by an electric current, melts the longer hairs which rise above the under fur, and mows them down.

Captains Burton and Cameron, who accomplished a joint exploration of the gold-fields of West Africa, which only terminated a few months ago, recently gave an account of their experiences before the Society of Arts, London. They found gold in the black sand, in the washings from the hills, not far below the surface of the ground. In the streets of Axim, which must be considered as the chief outpost of this future California, gold spangles glittered after a shower. Gold is even yielded by the "swish" which passes for mortar, cementing the walls of the houses; and gold-dust is collected by the native women from the sand of the seashore. In a word, the country seems to teem with the precious metal, only waiting for capital and labor to pick it up.

## Death-roll of the Week.

AUGUST 26TH.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Richard C. Overton, well known inventor and civil engineer, aged 80; at Mystic, Conn., Charles Mallory, a prominent ship-builder and shipping merchant, aged 85. AUGUST 27th.—At Rochester, N. Y., General Charles J. Powers, a brave soldier in the war and a leading lawyer, aged 49; at Standish, Me., Horatio J. Swasey, one of the oldest and strongest lawyers in the State, aged 75; at Bridgeport, Conn., Joseph Barber, the oldest printer in Connecticut, aged 94; at Chicago, Ill., Sherman A. Ricker, a leading grain speculator, aged 50. AUGUST 28th.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Robert Tomes, formerly one of the best known literary men in New York, and once Consul at Rheims, France, aged 65; at Paterson, N. J., Dr. John R. Leal, a prominent physician, aged 55; at Hampton, N. B., J. H. Crawford, Solicitor-general for the province, aged 58. AUGUST 29th.—At Philadelphia, Pa., William H. Allen, for many years President of Girard College, aged 74; at London, England, Frederick Godfrey, a well-known musician; the Rev. ex-Provost Whitaker, for over twenty-five years the head of Trinity College at Toronto. Right Rev. Edward Storey, Bishop of Central Africa, aged 54. AUGUST 30th.—At Hackensack, N. J., Hubbell W. Risley, one of the oldest druggists of New York, aged 74; at Fort Douglass, Utah, Major Charles W. Wingard, of the Pay Department of the Army. AUGUST 31st.—In New York city, James Lorimer Graham, formerly a prominent business man, aged 78; at Berlin, Germany, Johann Halbig, the celebrated sculptor, aged 68.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL GRANT's aged mother has been spending the hot weather at Ocean Grove.

LONG SING, who was De Long's steward on the ill-fated *Jeannette*, has opened a laundry at Washington.

ISABELLA, ex-Queen of Spain, has grown tired of the French capital, and is going back to her old realm.

THE widow of Henry J. Raymond is now living in Brookfield, Vt., where she is building a handsome cottage.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the poet laureate, has given his name to the scheme for the erection of a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to endow a professorship at the University of Georgia, to be known as the Benjamin Harvey Hill professorship.

MRS. GARFIELD has been suffering with malaria, and Dr. Boynton, one of the physicians who attended her husband, has been to Mentor to attend her.

THE well-known Caffre Chief Sekukuni has been murdered by another native chief. Sekukuni headed the Basuto rebellion in South Africa in 1880.

OVER \$12,000 has already been subscribed to erect a statue in memory of Darwin, and it will be placed in the hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

SENATOR JOSEPH E. BROWN, of Georgia, is the largest taxpayer in the City of Atlanta. He owns \$263,460 worth of real and \$66,000 worth of personal property there.

BELLE BOYD, the once notorious rebel spy, now married to a commercial traveler named Hammond, has been victimizing sundry grocers in Philadelphia, where she now lives, by passing forged checks.

JOHN BROWN, Queen Victoria's favorite servant, has received from her the sole right of fishing on the river between Invercauld bridge and Balmoral bridge, and recently landed fourteen fine salmon in one day.

AN equestrian statue is to be erected in Boston to Paul Revere, the hero of the famous midnight ride a century ago, the city government, the Masons and the Mechanics' Charitable Association joining in the work.

VALENTINE's recumbent statue of General Robert E. Lee has been removed to the mausoleum building at Lexington, which is now being rapidly pushed to completion. It is expected that the public ceremonies of unavailing will take place next Spring.

RIGHT HON. DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, Deputy Speaker and Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, is now in this country, with his wife and his stepdaughter, Miss Russell, for the purpose of paying a visit to his wife's relatives, who live in Boston.

MR. EDWARD MORTIMER ARCHIBALD, for some years the British Consul-general in New York city, has just been created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and having reached the age of seventy-two, will retire from the diplomatic service.

PRINCESS BEATRICE has sent some contributions of her own work to the Industrial and Art Exhibition at Grief, including a water-color painting, a very tasteful decorative panel, and two banner screens, which are very commendable specimens of modern art needlework.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has been resting at his famous home of Liberty Hall before engaging in the Georgia campaign, and weighs five pounds more than he ever did before in his life. He has just finished his "History of the United States," which will be published in the Fall.

EX-GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, of New Jersey, while visiting in Richmond, Va., recently bought a silver watch supposed to have at one time belonged to Aaron Burr, several pieces of Continental money, and an original order for a pound of nails written by Thomas Jefferson.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie is at Ems, where, as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds, she will remain for some time, the waters having been recommended for her health. She will afterwards proceed to her chateau at Arenenberg in the Canton Thurgau, where she will pass the rest of the season.

CUTEWAYO says that the English beef is good, but not equal to that of Zululand, as there is too much fat about it. The story goes that fourteen pounds of it were prepared one morning for his breakfast, and that of his three chiefs. The latter ate thirteen pounds before Cutewayo made his appearance, so a fresh supply had to be cooked.

THE will of the late Jesse Hoyt, of New York, gives certain lands in East Saginaw, Mich., to the city, on condition that they are improved and used as a park, and another lot in the same city as a site for a library, besides devising \$50,000 as a fund for the erection of the library building and \$50,000 for the purchase of books.

GENERAL SHERMAN, who would be retired under the Army Compulsory Act on February 8th, 1884, at which date he will be sixty-four years of age, will ask to be placed on the retired list in November, 1883, as that General Sheridan, who will succeed him, may be able to make such recommendations as he likes for the session of Congress a year from next Winter.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL has sent the following reply to the inquiries of members of the Land League in relation to the disposition of Miss Fanny Parnell's remains: "My brother, sisters and I desire that my sister's remains should rest in America, the country where she was best known, where she had friends, and where she lived and worked so many years."

DR. NEIDER and MR. KENDALL, members of the American Canoe Association, have started from Lake George, N. Y., for Lake Worth, Fla.—a distance of three thousand miles—each in his own canoe. Their route is by lakes, rivers and canals to Cincinnati, then down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, after which they will skirt the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico to Florida.

ONE hundred and twenty-five mutes from all parts of New England assembled at Norwich, Conn., August 27th, to attend the unavailing of a memorial tablet of the late Professor David Ely Bartlett. The tablet, which is placed on the walls of the Park Church, is formed of a finely-executed medallion profile of Professor Bartlett in white marble, set in a black tablet, bearing this inscription in gilt: "The deaf mutes' memorial of their friend and teacher in the Gospel, Professor David Ely Bartlett. Born September 29th, 1805. Died November 29th, 1879. The ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongues of the dumb shall sing."

THE friends of Mr. Leonard W. Cronkhite, of Sandy Hill, are strongly urging his nomination as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Seventeenth District of this State, and if the wishes of the masses of the party shall be consulted, he will, no doubt, be selected for the position named. Mr. Cronkhite is an accomplished gentleman of broad views and exalted character, an admirable representative of that class of intelligent, high minded and public-spirited citizens who only too seldom find representation in Congress; and his nomination and election to the House will be in every way a matter of public felicitation.





THE TRAVELING PHRENOLOGIST IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—"YES, MISS, YOU'VE A VERY REMARKABLE HEAD, VERY!"

FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 46.





PENNSYLVANIA.—A NATURAL TREE-ROOT, REPRESENTING A FEMALE FIGURE, FOUND AT HAYESVILLE. FROM A PHOTO, BY FOLSON.

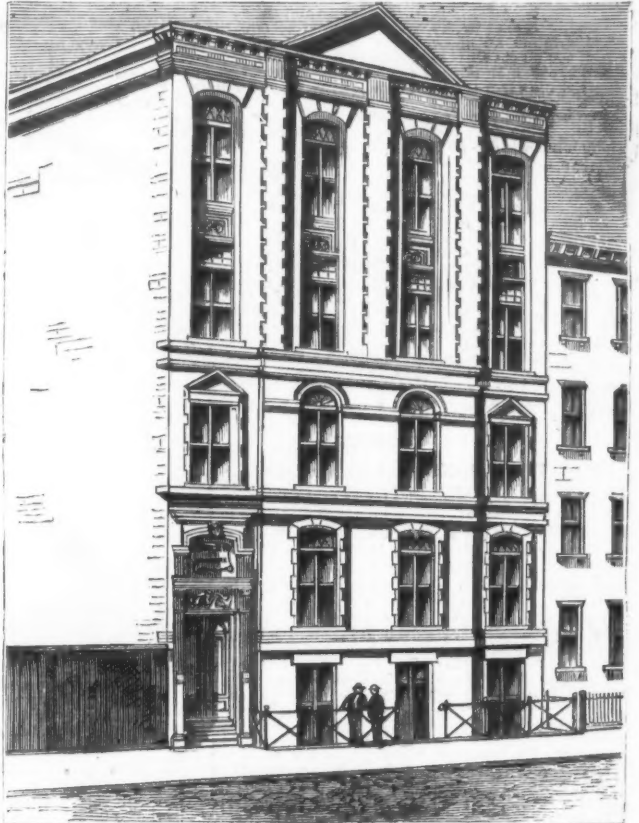
a mummy, but then mummies are not usually a product of Pennsylvania forests. Still it may be a mummy. The writer of this article, after closely questioning Mr. Barnum, and finding that, notwithstanding his name, he does not claim kinship with the "greatest showman on earth," is inclined to accept his account of the origin of the wonder from the fact that in the neighborhood where this curiosity was dug up there is a species of forest tree which has peculiarly gnarled roots which grow in strange shapes. Of course, Mr. Barnum does not allow people to cut, cart or hammer at this specimen, and thus damage or destroy it. But if, as it seems to be, it is a root which has grown into this remarkable shape, it is a far greater curiosity as a specimen of Nature's handiwork than if it had been shaped by the sculptor's art. It has been very successfully photographed by Folson, of Danbury, Connecticut.

#### A NOVEL STEAM LIGHTER.

A NOVEL craft, which has excited a good deal of curiosity among ship-engineers, was launched at the shipyard of John English at Greenpoint, L. I., August 28th. The vessel is an experimental one, built for Señor Diez, of Cuba, and is designed for the sugar-lighterage business in the harbor of Cienfuegos. When loaded she will draw but three feet of water, having a wheel of six feet diameter, which was immersed at the launch only two feet. The *Damuti*, as the lighter is called, is 100 feet long, 32 feet wide and 5 feet deep, with a flat bottom connected with vertical sides by a very short bilge. She is built with a short poop as high as the rail, in the forward end of which is set the propelling machinery and the boilers. The radical departure from the general type of stern-propelling vessels, and which has excited so much attention in the engineering world, is the fact that her propelling wheel revolves on a shaft that is placed athwartship. The launch was attended by a large number of interested spectators.

#### THE LATE BROOKLYN KIDNAPPING.

THE interest aroused throughout the whole country by the mysterious disappearance of Charlie Ross, the little Philadelphia boy who was stolen from his parents over seven years ago and has never been found, showed that nothing comes home to the hearts of the people like the abduction of a child. Almost every home has its own little ones, and the reflection that one of them, in any given case, might have been the chosen victim awakens the sympathy of every father and mother for the stricken parents. For some days last week it looked as though Brooklyn were to have its Charlie

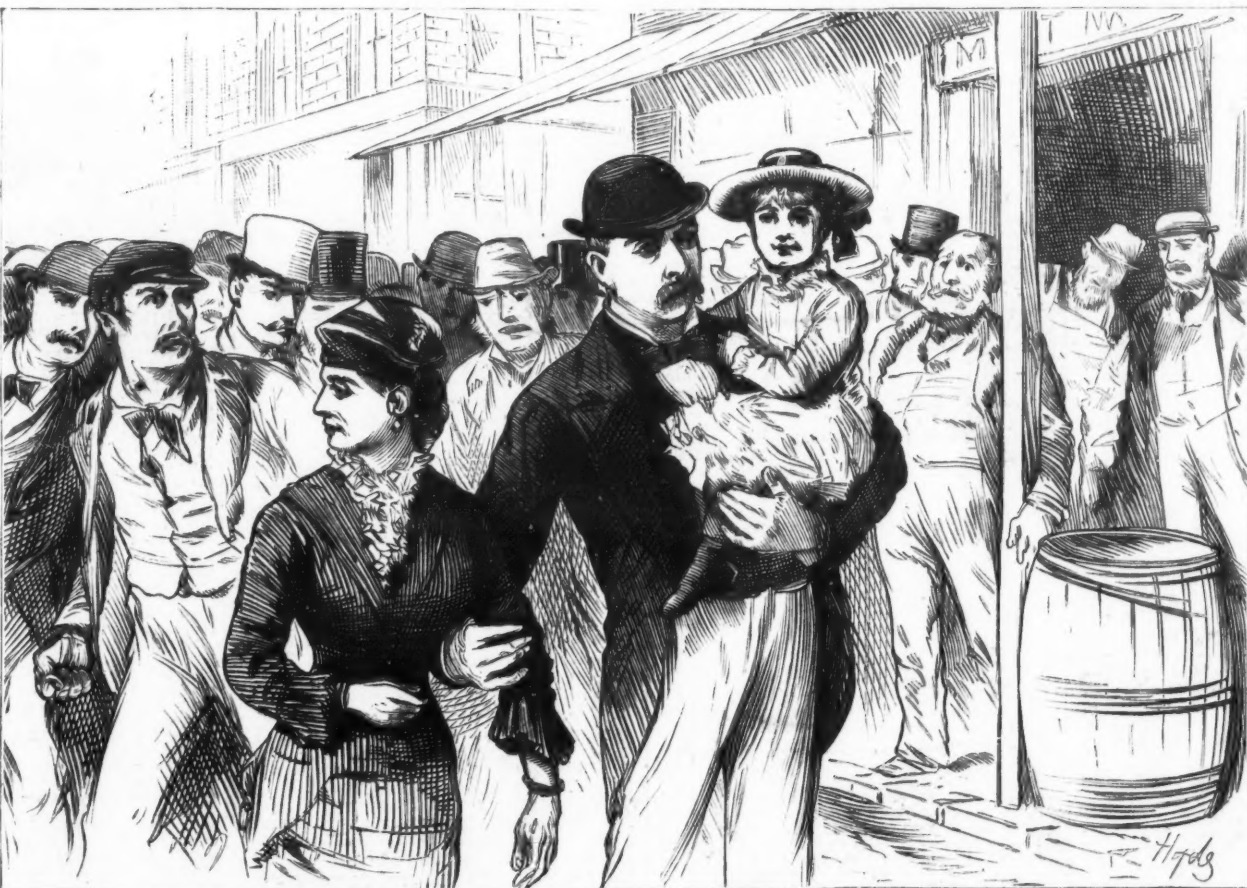


NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW WORKINGMAN'S SCHOOL AND FREE KINDERGARTEN, IN WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET. SEE PAGE 46.

#### A NEW BARNUM WONDER.

WE give on this page an illustration of a remarkable curiosity, now in the possession of Mr. E. L. Barnum, of Hayesville, Pa., being the root of a tree dug out of the ground on his farm. It is an almost perfect human female figure about two and a half feet high, entirely covered with bark of a dark-brown color, which has been rendered somewhat darker than natural by a coating of varnish with which Mr. Barnum has sought to preserve it. The head is slightly misshapen, but the features are those of a human being with perfect ears, a mouth, with holes for eyes, and a grotesque and very prominent nose, while something that has the appearance of a coil of hair covers the entire back of the head. The body from the hips to the neck is fully developed; the left arm is perfect but has no hand, while in place of the right arm appears what looks like a nicely healed scar, as though a skillful surgeon had amputated it at the shoulder. The lower limbs are slightly twisted, and the feet not quite perfect; but, taken altogether, it is a wonderfully complete figure.

In reply to the question, What is it? a number of theories have been advanced. Some think it is a petrification of the body of a dwarf; but the objection to this theory is that the object is not heavy enough for a petrification. Many observers believe it to be

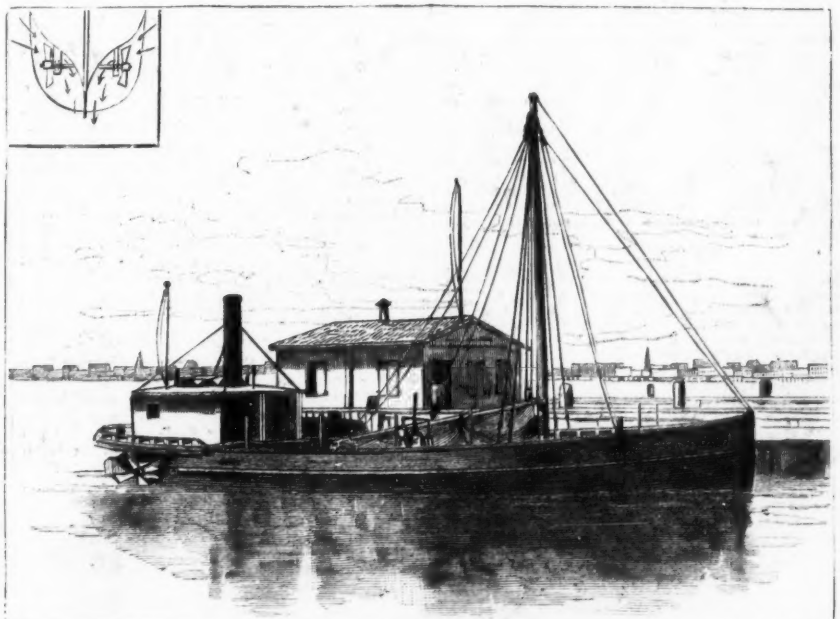


NEW YORK.—THE ARREST OF THE ABDUCTOR OF THE GIRL LIZZIE SELDEN, IN BROOKLYN, AUGUST 31st.

Ross mystery, with only the difference that the missing child in this case was a girl, instead of a boy. On the afternoon of Monday, August 28th Lizzie Selden, a pretty four-year-old daughter of Mr. C. W. Selden, living at No. 226 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, while playing on the sidewalk in front of the house with a neighbor's son, about her own age, was inveigled away by a woman dressed in black, and it was days before her parents again looked upon her face. The strange woman persuaded Lizzie and her playmate to go with her by promising to get them some candy, and left the boy at a store, whence he found his way home. As soon as Lizzie's parents became persuaded that she was lost and missing, they notified the police, and active measures were at once instituted for the arrest of the woman in black. It was difficult, however, to secure any satisfactory description of her, and it was not until Wednesday that the police got upon her trail. Following up a clue which was then secured, Detective Shaughnessy, who had been especially vigilant in the matter, called at 102 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, early Thursday morning, and found the missing child asleep in bed with Maggie Kepple, who was at once arrested, while Lizzie was returned to her parents, who were overjoyed to recover her. The girl bore evidence of great fatigue, for it appeared that she had been dragged about the streets, not only of Brooklyn, but of New York and Jersey.



RHODE ISLAND.—THE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT—THE TROPHY. SEE PAGE 46.



NEW YORK.—A NOVEL STEAM-LIGHTER LAUNCHED AT GREENPOINT, L. I., AUGUST 28th.



City, whither her abductor went in the course of her wanderings. Aside from this fatigue and the consequent nervousness, however, the child seemed to have suffered no harm, as she was soon playing about the house as contentedly as though her disappearance had not distressed her parents and aroused the eager interest of the population of three cities.

The woman in black responsible for all this distress is twenty-five years of age, five feet four inches in height, with blue eyes, dark hair and complexion, full figure. She wore a black crape hat, but no veil, and had a lace cape over her shoulders. Her face is familiar to the police, and her picture has for some time been in the Rogues' Gallery. She was once arrested in this city for shoplifting and was sent to Blackwell's Island, while she has also been involved in several singular transactions. She gave contradictory accounts of her actions regarding the abduction, and her manner indicated that her mind was somewhat unsettled. Her mother says that she has given the family much trouble, and that they have considered her slightly deranged for three or four years. There certainly seems to have been no reasonable motive for her course, although it brought as much anxiety to the afflicted parents while the girl remained in her hands as though the abduction had been planned by some shrewd criminal.

#### THE TRAVELING PHRENOLOGIST.

THE traveling phrenologist is one of the most interesting characters to be met by sojourners in the country. He is generally a man of much native shrewdness, and often possesses no little mental ability, but, in the language of the Yankee, "there's a screw loose somewhere in his make-up," and he does not get on in the world so fast as much less talented companions. Happily for his peace of mind, he does not worry over his lack of worldly prosperity, but finds abundant consolation for the rebuffs of fortune in the reflection that he is really far superior to the thrifty farmers who eye him somewhat askance. Naturally disinclined to permanent quarters and having no ties to bind him to any particular locality, he gratifies his roving disposition, and spends his time in traveling over the country. His rusty suit, his battered hat and his baggy umbrella may arouse the ridicule of the small boy, but they only serve to make him a more picturesque figure in the eyes of the Summer idlers, who find in him a new attraction for their vacation season. It is in this season that the vagrant phrenologist finds his business most profitable, and a single day in midsummer often brings more to his purse than a week in winter. His best luck befalls when he chances upon a gay party of young ladies out for a climb over the mountains. The idea of having their heads "examined" has only to be proposed to be accepted, and great is the amusement as one after another submits her cranium to the hands of the wrinkled "expert." It is needless to say that the complaisant examiner never fails to find bumps which indicate that their bearer is distinguished for remarkable qualities of one sort or another, and nobody grudges the modest fee for which the queer old man unlocks his hidden stores of knowledge.

#### WORKINGMAN'S FREE KINDERGARTEN.

WE give on page 45 an illustration of the Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten building on West Fifty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York city, the corner-stone of which was recently laid with imposing ceremonies. The building is being erected by the Society for Ethical Culture, of which Professor Felix Adler is the central figure, and the educational system to be carried on within it will be only one of many methods which that society intends to prosecute in the direction of its aim of social regeneration. The specific purpose is to aid the working classes by giving them such instruction as will enable them to procure better wages, and generally to live better than now. The building is well adapted for the uses to which it is to be put.

#### NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.

THE lawn tennis tournament at Newport, which began on Wednesday and lasted till Saturday of last week, illustrates very clearly the extraordinary hold which the game has taken on general society. The Casino was crowded with spectators and the grounds gay with colors. The fact appears to be that tennis is really understood at Newport by both ladies and gentlemen, and the interest and applause are at once critical and enthusiastic. Last week's contest opened in the competition for singles, and nine courts were started, the list of forty entries for the single and thirty for doubles including nearly every great and good player in the country. All the large and fashionable centres sent a contingent. There was some very fine playing, that of Mr. Sears, the champion, being as usual conspicuous. The prize of the occasion was a trophy furnished by Mr. Horsman, of New York, of which we give an illustration. The bat is made of the very finest American woods. At the point where an ordinary racket is ornamented with a band of gold lace is a band of solid gold, with three large diamonds and a double row of pearls. The handle terminates in a golden rim and knob richly chased. It is further inlaid with different colored woods and decorated with a thick gold plate bearing this inscription: "The Horsman Championship Tennis Racket of America." At the spring of the bat from the handle is another gold plate engraved as follows: "Presented to the United States Lawn Tennis Association by E. I. Horsman, of New York, to be competed for at every annual tournament." On the reverse is another plate with an engraving of the game on gold. A thick gold plate runs all round the edge of the bat, divided into spaces for each year up to 1892. It is intended to inscribe on the bat the name of the champion of each year, and the winner of 1892 will become the owner. The bat is fitted in a handsome maroon Russia leather case lined with satin.

This tournament is expected to decide a question in America which is much debated in England. Tennis, like many other games, has a tendency to become too scientific. It has developed a form of play called volleying from the service-line which has entirely altered its character. Formerly a player kept well on his base-line, waited for the bound of every ball, and then returned it. This form of play was first altered by Mr. W. Renshaw. He was described by Colonel Osborn in the *Contemporary Review* as exceedingly active, gifted with an accurate eye and quick hand, placing two volleys with a certainty which, until then, had never been witnessed in a tennis-court. The new play, however, had its weak points; volleying at the net could be answered by tossing the ball over the player's head, as also by returning it quickly over some unguarded part of the net. So this volley play was answered by lob or swift drives obliquely over the court which drove the volleyist back to his base-line. But in 1881, Mr. W. Renshaw, who had been defeated in 1880 when volleying from the net, introduced a new play—"volleying from the service-line."

On this point Colonel Osborn says: "This is the last modification that the game has undergone. I have already explained the weaknesses inseparable from volleying close to the net. A player who, standing on the service-line, can volley effectively, gets the better of most of these. He is sufficiently distant from the net to not give him time to get to the

ball to his right or to his left. It is, of course, very much more difficult to toss a ball over his head than when he took his stand close to the net, and a hard return striking his racket has a far greater space for its rebound; the chance, therefore, of its being carried out of court is greatly diminished. This change in tactics has rendered the playing of the game a far more difficult and delicate matter than it was before. The playing of each return has to be judged with the nicest accuracy, the object being to so return it that your adversary cannot get to it." The only real exponent of this science in America is Mr. Van Rensselaer—a tall, graceful player, with a long reach. He takes up his position on the service-line and trusts to his long reach and quick stroke to volley every ball that comes over the net. His play at Newport elicited great applause. Mr. Sears, who won the championship last year, is the best exponent of the base-line game. He is an active, clever player, trusting to his steady return and clever placing. Still he can volley well when necessary, but it is not his great game.

The result of the tournament which closed on Saturday last was as follows: Sears won the championship for singles, and secured the championship silver cup offered by the association, a copper plaque given by two Philadelphia gentlemen, and to become the holder's property on the third winning; also the Horsman racket. The championship for doubles was won by Messrs. Dwight and Sears.

#### Facts of Interest.

A PRINTING-PRESS has been founded in Constantinople under the patronage of Osman Bey, Second Chamberlain to the Sultan, for the purpose of reproducing the chief works of Mussulman historians and theologians at a price that will render them accessible to the great mass of the followers of Islam. The first installment of this series has been already issued, and is appropriately a copy of the Koran.

AMERICANS traveling in Italy complain that it is almost impossible to get the attendance of a good physician, especially in the larger cities like Rome and Florence. One American lady, who was taken ill with typhoid fever in the latter city, could not secure medical attendance except by the special interposition of the Consul.

THERE is a large percentage of very young soldiers in the British forces recently sent to Egypt. Some 9,000 men are known to average little more than two or three and twenty years of age. These are under service of only three years. Fears are expressed that they may not be able to bear the severity of a semi-tropical climate at this season of the year.

THE graziers of Australia and New Zealand are suffering serious loss from the rabbits, which in many districts have left so little grass that the sheep have been kept from starvation only by their transfer to other localities. Some idea of the size of this invading army of rabbits may be gained from the fact that two "rabbit preserving" factories—one at Colac, and the other at Camperdown—have been known to destroy 60,000 of the pests in a single week.

THE rapid increase of population in Manitoba has stimulated the inventive genius of the Dominion to contrive houses that may be portable and quickly put up. A man in Belleville, Ont., has planned one that is in three-foot sections, and dovetails together. A house, for a hotel or boarding establishment, has been put up at Winnipeg, over 100 feet long, two stories high, and divided into apartments sufficient to accommodate 250 guests. The foundation was laid on a Tuesday, and the house was completed on the Thursday following.

It is estimated that, when finished, the new house which the Marquis of Bute is building on the site of the house of Mount Stuart, near Rothesay, in Scotland, will have cost at least \$1,250,000. He expects that it will be ready for use next Summer. In the meantime an extensive force of workmen, who otherwise would not have employment from him, will be engaged on a large reservoir and splendid waterworks which the Marquis has recently determined to construct.

A PATTER of Stoke-on-Trent, England, has been sentenced to one month's hard labor in jail for having sold the wooden leg with which he had been furnished by the Board of Guardians.

A GERMAN paper-maker has been utilizing the waste water from his engine, conducting it by ditches upon the meadows adjoining his mill, and reports that the profits from his grass crop have been trebled.

PROMINENT Knights Templar are discussing a proposition to acquire from the Government a tract of land in some unsettled parts of the country, perhaps in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, as an exclusive camping-ground for the Grand Commanderies, ample enough to accommodate the entire Order. It is believed that such a permanent place of meeting, removed from the influences of large cities, would stimulate extraordinary interest and secure the most desirable results.

CAPTAIN G. V. FOX, of the Coast Survey, has unsettled the beliefs of generations and the statements of all the atlases by deciding, as the conclusion of a long and scientific study of the facts in the case, that the island Guanahani—or the first land seen by Columbus, October 12th, 1492, and landed on by him two days later—was not the large island known as Cat, or San Salvador, which has borne that distinction by consent of the majority of authorities, but was the smaller Samana, some distance southeast of San Salvador. His arguments and calculations are all based on the journal of Columbus and the log-book as used by La Casas, the historian.

THE disgusting habit of snuff-dipping has spread among the female operatives in Massachusetts factories to such an extent that fifteen tons of snuff are annually consumed by them. A year ago the Catholic Bishop of the State publicly forbade this use of the weed, and for a time there was a considerable falling off in the sales of snuff, but the prohibition has now become practically a dead letter.

THE Mennonite communities in Kansas are prospering. About 15,000 of these Russians own nearly 200,000 acres. This property was purchased equally from the railroad companies and from the Government. The industry and economy of the Mennonites are proverbial. It is said that some of them are worth from \$8,000 to \$10,000, though a few years ago they could claim only a few hundreds. The wheat farms are bringing them a large income.

#### FUN.

MANY people think Ananias was an amateur fisherman.

WHOM the gods love die young.—The gods do not love Spring chickens.

"THEY tell me you have had some money left over," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."

BONNETS are now made of glass, and women should remember the old adage: "Ladies who wear glass bonnets should not throw stones."

A SINGULAR individual has opened a queer sort of a restaurant in Philadelphia. He advertises "ladies' costumes for dinner and breakfast."

It has been ungalantly said that the telephone does what society rules have always been unequal to—compels women who use it to talk one at a time.

"YES," said a lady, complacently, "I expect we'll get rich now. My husband has just been appointed one of the receivers of an embarrassed savings-bank."

A CONVICT says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.

"CONFOUND this map!" exclaimed a geographical enthusiast. "It's no good. I can't find half the streams mentioned in the River and Harbor Bill." If you want a comprehensive list of the water-courses of the country you must search the Congressional Record.

A FAMILY paper published a long article entitled "Housekeeping Hereafter." "Merciful heavens!" groaned a distracted mother of five children, and keeper of one husband and two servants, "if I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare I'd never die!"

"WHO is Lucifer?" said the teacher to the infant-class in Sunday-school. "I know," spoke up a brave five-year-old girl in a very earnest tone. "Well, tell me, Katie," said the teacher. "W'y Lucy's fer Bob Spriggs, who has such a funny little mustache, an' wears such a short coat; but papa don't like him at all, an' sez he ain't got no sense an' no money, an' he's fer zat ole Mr. Grip, an'—" "That will do, Katie," Lucy, who was instructing another class near by, told her mother afterwards that she thought Katie too young to go to school, the confinement was not good for her.

#### WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE GRAVE.

A LADY in Tecumseh, Neb., writing to DR. STARKEY & PALEN, says: "I wish to thank you for receiving so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen. Only for this I would be in the grave. I could not sleep; had no rest; was really bordering on insanity. I was alarmed. Now I sit up until ten o'clock, and enjoy music and company. My daughter is recovering her voice. Will continue Oxygen. May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you and yours." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

A YOUNG school miss, whose teacher taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied, "No, no!" The swain looked bewildered—she referred him to the grammar, when for the first time he learnt that No meant Yes.

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